

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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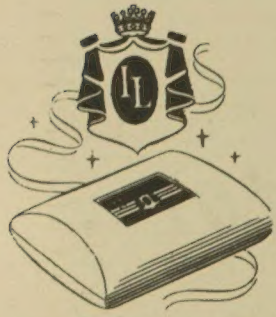
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CARBON

CARBON is one of the most widely distributed of the elements, for it is an essential constituent of all living matter. Carbon appears in the crystalline form as diamond and graphite and in the amorphous form as charcoal. Combined with other elements it gives innumerable chemicals all of which are vital to our existence. Carbon atoms readily join with each other, and with those of other elements. They will link up into rings, form long chains of atoms like strings of beads, and even branch out to make complex three-dimensional molecules. The study of carbon compounds is so important that it has become a specialized branch of science known as Organic Chemistry. Hundreds of thousands

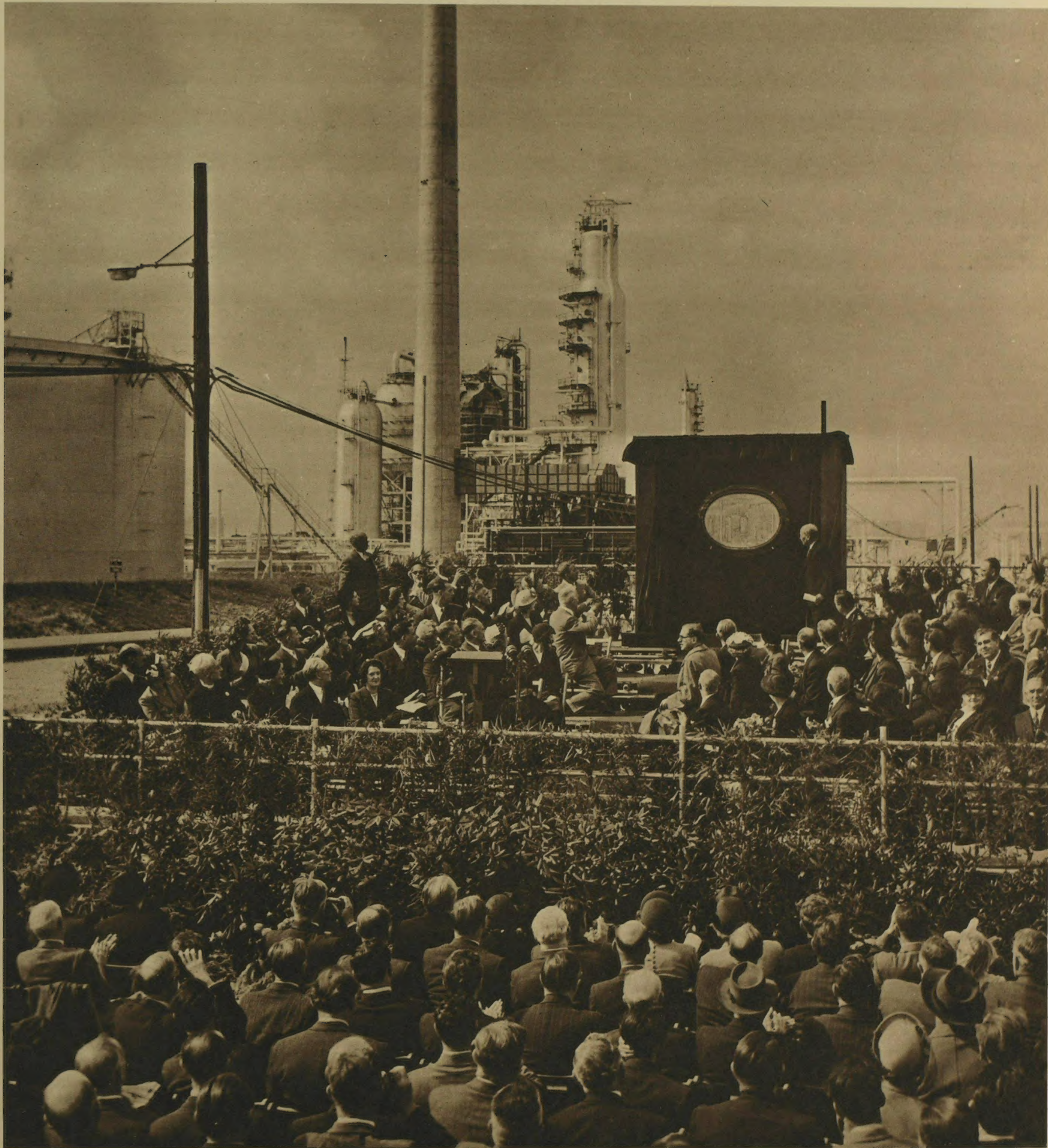
of different molecules have already been made from carbon atoms in conjunction with those of two or three other elements, such as hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen. An almost infinite number of new ones remain to be discovered by the organic chemist. Since 1856, when Sir William H. Perkin made the first synthetic dye, mauve, the manufacture of dyestuffs has been a focal point of the organic chemical industry. The dyestuffs made by I.C.I. are carbon compounds, and recent I.C.I. research into carbon derivatives has resulted in such epoch-making discoveries as new anti-malarial drugs, new textile fibres like 'Ardil', and 'Gammexane', a revolutionary insecticide.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1951.



THE OPENING OF BRITAIN'S, AND EUROPE'S, LARGEST OIL REFINERY: MR. ATTLEE UNVEILING THE SILVER COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE, WHILE THE SILVER TOWERS AND STILL'S OF FAWLEY RISE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Mr. Attlee, when opening the great new oil refinery plant at Fawley, near Southampton, on September 14, stressed its twofold importance—first, in helping in the solution of Britain's balance-of-payments problem; and secondly, in ensuring "supplies of motor spirit sufficient to replace those normally exported from Abadan." Drawings of this huge new refinery, one of the largest in the world,

and easily the largest in Europe, appeared in our last issue, together with the story of its construction and the policy behind it. After the opening ceremony Mr. Attlee unveiled a silver commemorative plaque, on which is engraved the outline of the refinery. Following this, 6000 visitors, including technicians and workmen and their wives, were entertained to luncheon in marquees on the site.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I WAS born, by a chance of my father's occupation, in the little woodland village of Dersingham, on the shores of the Wash. I am, therefore, by birth, though in nothing else, a Norfolk man. I was stationed in Norfolk for a short while in the First World War, and I once produced a pageant, during a deliriously crowded and happy few weeks, in the Cambridgeshire fens not far off its western boundary. Apart from this, I have occasionally visited the great East Anglian county on business or pleasure, seen Holkham's noble arch and drive, and stood on the ancient cobbles of King's Lynn and in Borrow's glorious market square at Norwich, and lazed and bathed away the hours of a summer's day on Bird Island, on the broad Hunstanton sands. I am, therefore, little more than a casual stranger in the county of my birth, and have spent only a tiny fraction of my days within its borders: I know at least a dozen English counties far better. Yet it is my belief that something in a man's blood or lungs responds to the character of his birthplace; it was here he first breathed the air and awoke to consciousness, and I was Norfolk born. So, whenever chance brings me, as it has brought me to-day—and it is nineteen years since I was last here—to the coastline where the Sandringham woods keep their eternal wedding with the grey North Sea and the winds from the Danish flats, the years drop away and I am back where I began, a spirit of air and earth and water before the heavy, indigestible weight of flesh and experience made me what I am. For a moment I can breathe, I can experience, I can feel without impediment. And I know no content to compare with that brief, illusionary freedom.

It is a noble coast. It has none of the romantic splendour and Celtic poetry of the Dorset coast, where I now live: the fantastic cliffs and precipitous bays where the rocks of the primæval world play out their eternal drama of conflict with the southern sea. There, on that rock-bound coast, the sea is an enemy: a magnificent but inhuman force that has no commerce with the land but battle. But here in Norfolk, land and sea blend so that at dusk they actually merge and become one; sand-dune and whin-grass, wave and white horse have "curtsied here and kissed." When Shakespeare wrote "Come unto these yellow sands," it must have been, I think, the Norfolk coast on which he was drawing his experience; did Lord Leicester's company, I wonder, ever play at King's Lynn in the hot, summer, pestilence-ridden months when it quitted London and went on tour. It is a far cry from the Forest of Arden to this bare, pure, bleak shore, but the great catholic poet of England could embrace and comprehend both. It is of such contrasts and such comprehension, indeed, that England is made.

On this shore, the Anglo-Saxons, who are the dominant strain in our long, mixed ancestry, landed and became seized of the land that bears their name. The wild duck, straining in a trembling V across the moving waste of waters that forms the sole horizon to the low hedge behind which I am writing, are the prototypes of that remote sea-folk out of whose loins we spring. They came fiercely, facing and bringing death, but creating, even as they slew and fell, life which was to endure and far transcend their own simple beginnings: the free, courageous life of England that has gone out into every corner of the world and infused throughout both shores of the Atlantic the love and institutions of freedom. The Count of the Saxon

shore—some stern Roman or dark Iberian or African—must have cursed these newcomers for flaxen, pestilent barbarians as he marched and counter-marched his glittering, dusty cohorts from Brancaster to repel first one, then another, of their unpredictable, turbulent invasions. They came, like the wind this morning, out of a cold sea on to a cold shore, but, as their swords flashed, they bore the sea that was then their only real home into the heart of England, so that she and the sea in time remained for ever one. It was not for nothing that Nelson was born on this coast: Nelson who transmuted sea, grey sea, green sea, blue sea, wherever he sailed into a port of England, so that to this very day the waters that wash the Spanish shore at Cape Trafalgar and Cadiz and those that flow into Aboukir Bay seem as familiar to Englishmen, and are as impregnated with the spirit of England, as those

of the Solent or Bristol Channel. A boy who is to become a great sailor must grow up on such a coast as this, where sea and land are one: must lie, as Raleigh lay on the Devon beach at Budleigh Salterton, with his eye level with the beckoning horizon and the unseen immensities of ocean beyond.

Driving along this coast in the last day or two, I have been introduced to an England that is as different to the England of the South and West as chalk from cheese. It is a land of little, wide-open, wind-swept harbours, where tiny yachts and sharpies race up and down between sandbanks and mud-flats: of quiet, narrow-streeted little towns whose houses appear to be built largely of small cobble-stones; of men with sturdy red faces and broad shoulders who seem equally at home in a boat or a bar; of lush meadows filled with grazing cattle, and sweeping woods unexpectedly appearing between low, bare, windy uplands; of fast-moving grey seas flecked with white; of proud little churches with splendid towers; of air like the finest vintage champagne, crisp, invigorating, yet light as thistledown. It is a land to make a man brave, resourceful, independent; good, I should think, for golfers' handicaps, and the kind of place in which children, with brown faces, grubby, fishy hands and rolled-up pants, assembling here each autumn for their holidays, grow up to be explorers and commanders of motor-torpedo boats and the mothers and wives of such types. It is a land, above all, of a settled, unobtrusive and apparently unshakable

competency and prosperity: the glories of Lord Leicester's Holkham and that wonderful estate originally founded out of sandy rabbit warrens, are its crowning symbols. If there is a better-farmed county in England—I cannot speak of Scotland and her proud Lothians—I have yet to see it: in a day's travelling I noticed three thistles, and those on a golf-course. Summer, I am told, ends early here, but, summer or winter, Norfolk is a land for the sturdy and fearless. It has been made the dearer to me and thousands of others in recent years by the delightful books which Wyndham Ketton-Cremmer has written about the Norfolk neighbourhood in the eighteenth century, and by Mr. Mottram's classic studies. I am proud to be a countryman, if only by accident, of Nelson and Borrow, of old Crome and Walpole, of Turnip Townsend and Coke of Norfolk, who "loved husbandry." Long may the great county stand watch over the Wash and England's eastern gate, her "Holy Boys" fight for her beyond the grey seas wherever danger threatens, and her shrewd, indomitable "dumplings" of plough and tractor continue to raise the nation's finest crops!



FOR MANY YEARS EDITOR OF *THE CONNOISSEUR*: THE LATE MR. HERBERT GRANVILLE FELL, AT HIS DESK. Mr. Herbert Granville Fell, artist, critic and journalist, who had been editor of *The Connoisseur* for many years, died on Sept. 10, aged seventy-nine, at his home in London. Born in 1872, he was educated at King's College, London, and studied art chiefly in London and also in Paris, Brussels and Germany. He was well known as an illustrator and decorator of books chiefly for juvenile readers and was an occasional exhibitor at the Royal Academy, making his first appearance there when aged nineteen, but later journalism and administrative work occupied most of his time. He held a long series of editorial posts. From 1907-8 he was editor of the book department of classics and reprints and the art library of Messrs. Newnes, and was, at different periods, editor or art editor of *The Ladies' Field*, *The Strand Magazine*, the London edition of *Femina* and *The Queen*. He published monographs on Cézanne and Vermeer of Delft and he was a regular contributor to many art journals, notably *The Connoisseur*, of which he was appointed editor in 1935, *Apollo*, and so forth. A man of infinite kindness of heart, he wore his learning lightly, and was an exceedingly popular figure in the world of journalism and art criticism.

MATTERS MARITIME AND EVENTS OF NOTE: A CAMERA SURVEY OF THE CURRENT NEWS.



WINNING THE ST. LEGER BY TEN LENGTHS IN THE SLOWEST RACE FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS: M. MARCEL BOUSSAC'S *TALMA II* (W. JOHNSTONE UP) FINISHING. The St. Leger, run on September 15, was won by M. Boussac's *Talma II* by ten lengths in the slowest race for twenty-four years. *Fraise du Bois II* was second and *Medway* third. It is of interest to note that no classic race in the twentieth century has been won by so large a margin in this country. Rain fell heavily before racing was begun and the going was dead. M. Boussac won the St. Leger last year with his *Scratch II*.



THE COMMEMORATION OF THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: A MESSERSCHMIT 109 AND A HURRICANE FIGHTER ON VIEW TO THE PUBLIC ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE.

The commemoration of the Battle of Britain was this year spoiled by bad weather which caused the cancellation of the fly-past by British and U.S. aircraft over London on September 15, and halved the number of people visiting the sixty-five R.A.F. stations open to the public. A Thanksgiving Service was held in Westminster Abbey.



THE KING'S RETURN TO LONDON FROM SCOTLAND: HIS MAJESTY ON ARRIVAL BY AIR ON SEPTEMBER 15.

His Majesty returned to London by air from Balmoral on September 15. He flew from Dyce, Aberdeen, in bad weather in a *Viking* of the King's Flight. He has curtailed his Scottish holiday in order to have further treatment for his lung condition. It will be remembered that he came to London on September 7 for a consultation and returned immediately to Balmoral.



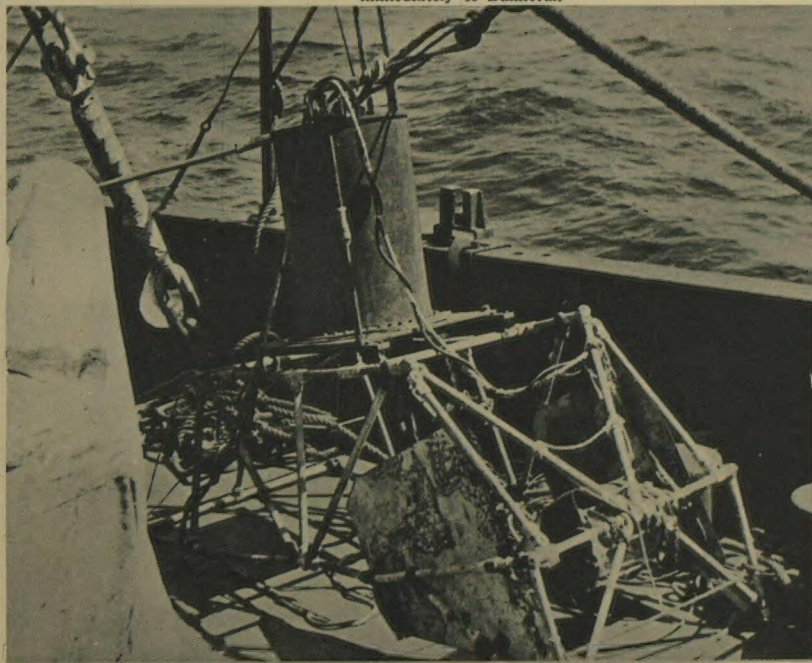
THE CONVERSION OF THE S.S. *GOThic* TO CARRY THEIR MAJESTIES AND PRINCESS MARGARET FOR THE COMMONWEALTH TOUR OF 1952: A VIEW OF THE LINER AT BIRKENHEAD.

Alterations to the S.S. *Gothic*, to adapt her to carry the King, the Queen and Princess Margaret on the 1952 Commonwealth tour, are in progress. They are being carried out in Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard by the Admiralty working in conjunction with the owners, the Shaw Savill Line.



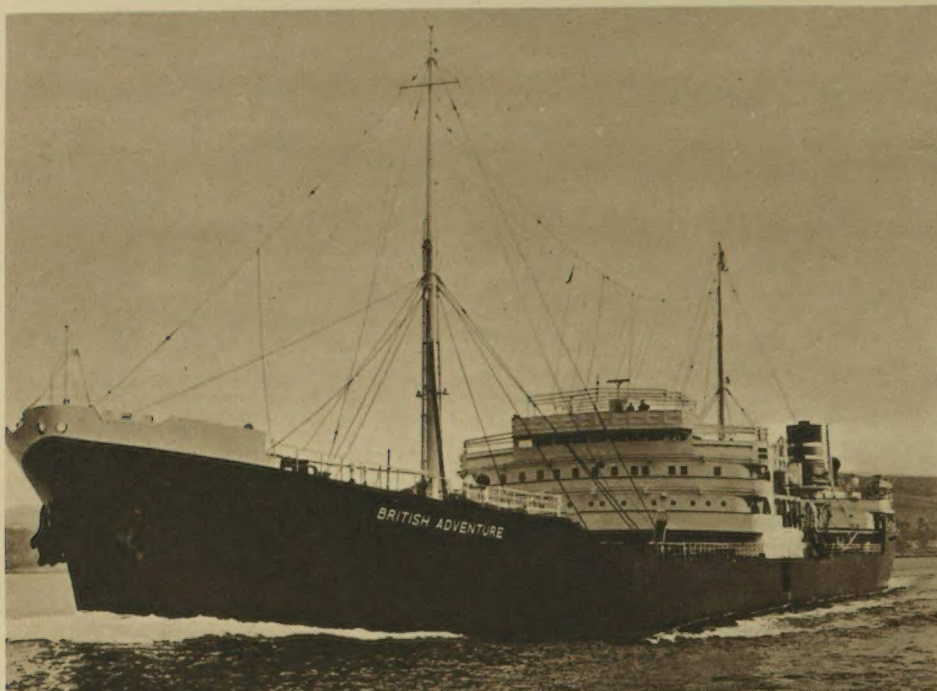
WINNER OF THE R.A.C. TOURIST TROPHY RACE FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION: S. MOSS IN HIS XK120 C MODEL *JAGUAR*, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING PRACTICE.

On September 15, S. Moss, driving an XK120 C Model *Jaguar*, won the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy race on the 7½-mile Dundrod circuit, near Belfast, setting up a new record for the race by averaging 83.55 m.p.h. for 318 miles—eight miles an hour faster than his speed when he won the race last year in a normal XK120 *Jaguar*. P. D. C. Walker, also in a *Jaguar*, was second; while F. R. Gerard, driving a Frazer-Nash, was third.



THE MOUNTING FOR THE TELEVISION CAMERA WITH WHICH THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE *AFRAY* WAS SUCCESSFULLY IDENTIFIED—PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. *RECLAIM*. On September 13 it was revealed by the Admiralty that the sunken wreck of the submarine *Afray* was identified early in June by means of underwater television. The apparatus, which was lowered from H.M.S. *Reclaim*, consisted of portable television equipment, obtained from the Marconi Wireless Television Co., mounted by naval scientists in a watertight container, with specially designed remote controls and lights, in a frame, previously designed for underwater photography.

HOME NEWS: RECENT ITEMS FROM LONDON, THE HOME COUNTIES AND THE CLYDE RECORDED.



STARTING ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO KUWAIT, ON THE PERSIAN GULF: THE *BRITISH ADVENTURE*, THE FIRST OF THE GIANT OIL-TANKERS BEING BUILT FOR THE BRITISH TANKER COMPANY. The *British Adventure*, an oil-tanker of 28,000 tons deadweight, and the first of a number of giant tankers ordered by the British Tanker Company, recently completed her trials in the Firth of Clyde. The tanker has now left on her maiden voyage to Kuwait, on the Persian Gulf, where she will load some 26,000 tons of crude oil.



A FLASH-BACK IN THE HISTORY OF AVIATION: THE R.A.F. CARDINGTON BALLOON PREPARING FOR ITS FLIGHT OVER LONDON FROM THE SOUTH BANK ON SEPTEMBER 11. Londoners had the unusual experience of watching a balloon with three men aboard fly over the city on September 11. The ascent was made from the South Bank, and the aviators were carried some thirty miles to a field at Farrills between Waltham Abbey and Epsom. Mr. G. E. Long, of the R.A.F. Balloon Centre, Cardington, was in charge of the flight. His companions were a B.B.C. commentator and a South Bank official.



THE OPENING OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT WAR MEMORIAL HOUSES AT LAVENDER HILL, ENFIELD: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY, WHICH TOOK PLACE ON SEPTEMBER 15.

Twenty houses built at Lavender Hill, Enfield, Middlesex, as a memorial to the men of the Middlesex Regiment who lost their lives in World War II, were officially opened on September 15 by the Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, Lord Latham of Hendon, who unveiled a memorial plaque.



OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON SEPTEMBER 15 IN CONNECTION WITH ESHER'S FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN CELEBRATIONS: A VIEW OF THE CLAREMONT ESTATE, NEAR ESHER.

On September 15, the National Trust handed over the deeds of the Claremont estate, near Esher, to the Esher Council, and the grounds were then opened to the public. The estate was bought in 1816 for £66,000 by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, to provide a country residence for Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent, and in 1848 was put at the disposal of King Louis Philippe and his wife. Later, Queen Victoria settled the property on her fourth son, Leopold, Duke of Albany.



PRESENTED TO THE LONDON ZOO BY A FILM COMPANY, IN WHOSE PRODUCTION IT HAS ALREADY PLAYED A PART: A 6-FT. IGUANA.

A number of remarkably fine specimens of the Common Iguana (*Iguana iguana*), some of them 6 ft. long, and the largest seen at Regent's Park, have been recently presented to the Zoo by Coronado Productions, a British film company, who have been using them on location.



PARENTAL SOLICITUDE AT THE LONDON ZOO: THE KING PENGUINS TUBBY AND BABY WITH THEIR CHICK CHOCOLATE PRINCE, HATCHED ON AUGUST 31.

The King Penguin chick hatched at the London Zoological Gardens on August 31 is making progress and has been named *Chocolate Prince*. The parents take turns in nursing their infant, which takes up a safe position on the feet of the adult "on duty," and is covered from draughts by a fold of the parent's skin.

THE "MATADOR": DESIGNED FOR A U.S. PILOTLESS BOMBER SQUADRON.



PRESUMABLY JETTISONING THE ROCKET MOTOR WHICH ASSISTS THE JET ENGINE WHEN TAKING OFF: THE MARTIN *MATADOR* PILOTLESS BOMBER IN FLIGHT.



PROBABLY AN EXPENDABLE WEAPON LIKE THE GERMAN V-1: THE B61 *MATADOR* PILOTLESS BOMBER TAKING OFF, SHOWING THE ROCKET MOTOR IN ACTION.

On September 13 the U.S. Department of the Air Force announced that it was putting into operation a tactical guided missile and that it would establish its first pilotless light bomber squadron at the missile test centre, Cocoa, Florida, on October 1. The missile is the Glenn Martin Company's B61 *Matador* pilotless bomber, which is believed to be powered by a jet engine and to carry a rocket motor slung beneath the tail to assist its take-off. Apparently this rocket motor is jettisoned when the aircraft is in flight. The *Matador* was first launched on

June 20 at the Halloran Air Force Base, New Mexico, but the missile was later transferred to the Cocoa range which extends for 600 miles over the Caribbean. The pilotless bomber squadron will train as part of the Air Research and Development Command, followed by intensive training under the Tactical Air Command. The *Matador* is one of the "fantastic" new weapons to which President Truman referred in a recent speech at San Francisco and it has been reported that it may carry an atomic warhead or bomb.

ADVENTURES AND DEVICES OF TO-DAY, AND ECHOES OF BATTLES OF THE PAST.



THE LOCOMOTIVE THAT CRASHED THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN: A VIEW OF THE CZECH TRAIN AT SELB, IN THE U.S. ZONE OF GERMANY, AFTER ITS AMAZING JOURNEY.

One of the most amazing escapes from behind the Iron Curtain took place on September 11, when a train carrying some 106 passengers from Prague to Asch was driven into the American Zone of Germany, having been diverted along a disused track leading to the border. Twenty-seven of the passengers who wished to claim political asylum were taken to a camp at Nuremberg, while the remainder lived under guard on the train.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE 20-FT. YAWL *NOVA ESPERO* AT NEW YORK: MR. STANLEY SMITH AND MR. CHARLES VIOLET AT THE COMPLETION OF THEIR TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

The 20-ft. yawl *Nova Espero* with her crew of two, Mr. Stanley Smith and Mr. Charles Violet, who left London on May 11, arrived in New York Harbour on September 12, thus completing their Transatlantic voyage. Mr. Smith had previously crossed the Atlantic in the *Nova Espero* in the other direction with his brother, Colin Smith, in 1949.



BRINGING THE BATTLE AREA TO THE REAR HEADQUARTERS: A UNITED STATES ARMY MOBILE TELEVISION UNIT WHICH IS CARRIED IN FOUR 31-FT.-LONG BUSES.

The television unit illustrated here is undergoing tests with the U.S. Army Signal Corps and is capable of transmitting pictures from remote field areas to commanders, umpires and military classrooms. The unit will be used to televise Army manoeuvres, but in war could bring a picture of actual battle action to a commander in rear headquarters.



COMMEMORATING THE WOULD-BE ASSASSINS OF HITLER: A CEREMONY HELD IN WEST BERLIN ON SEPTEMBER 9 OUTSIDE THE OLD PLOETZENSEE PRISON. On September 9 a large crowd in West Berlin were present at the ceremonial laying of a foundation-stone for a memorial to 2000 people killed in the Ploetzensee Prison as a reprisal for the attempt to assassinate Hitler on July 20, 1944. In East Berlin services were held on the same day in memory of concentration-camp victims.



(LEFT.) DESIGNED, NOT FOR BASEBALL, BUT FOR BATTLE PROTECTION AGAINST BULLETS AND SHELL FRAGMENTS: LIGHT PLASTIC ARMOUR FOR THE U.S. INFANTRY. This lightweight plastic armour, developed to protect troops against low-velocity shell fragments and bullets, is shortly to be issued to U.S. troops in Korea. The helmet is also plastic and considered superior to the present steel helmet. The suit is fitted with quick-release straps.

(RIGHT.) CANNON-BALLS FROM THE FRENCH FLEET WHICH NELSON DEFEATED IN THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR BAY (1798), RECENTLY SALVAGED NEAR ALEXANDRIA.

Greek contractors have been recently conducting salvage operations in Aboukir Bay, where the tradition is that the sunken French flagship was carrying a rich treasure. This has not been found, and even the hope of recovering copper from the ships has been disappointing, as they have been found to have been built without copper bottoms.



THE ROBINSON-TURPIN FIGHT; AND NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS.



THE CLIMAX OF THE TURPIN-ROBINSON FIGHT FOR THE WORLD MIDDLE-WEIGHT TITLE: TURPIN IS DOWN BUT NOT OUT AS THE REFEREE, MR. GOLDSTEIN, SENDS ROBINSON TO A NEUTRAL CORNER.

After holding the world middle-weight title for sixty-four days, Randolph Turpin, of Great Britain, lost it in the tenth round of his return contest with "Sugar" Ray Robinson at the Polo Grounds, New York, on September 12. The referee, Mr. Ruby Goldstein, stopped the fight eight seconds before the end of the tenth round to save Turpin from the possibility of serious injury. Official figures showed that 61,370 people had paid for admission—a world record for other than a heavy-weight contest.



AFTER REGAINING HIS WORLD MIDDLE-WEIGHT TITLE ON A TECHNICAL KNOCK-OUT IN THE TENTH ROUND: JUBILANT "SUGAR" RAY ROBINSON RAISES HIS ARMS IN A TRIUMPHANT GESTURE.



AN IMPORTANT WORK OF RECONSTRUCTION IN GERMANY: THE REBUILT DÜSSELDORF-NEUSS BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE, SHOWN ALMOST COMPLETED.

The work of reconstructing the great Düsseldorf-Neuss bridge over the Rhine, destroyed in 1945, is nearing completion at an estimated cost of 5,000,000 marks. The original bridge, which spanned the stream in two arches, was built in 1896-98 from the designs of Professor Krohn.



CUT IN HALF AT THE MOMENT OF LANDING: A U.S. NAVAL FIGHTER, A GRUMMAN F6F-5, WHICH, LANDING ON U.S.S. PRINCETON AT AN ANGLE, HIT AN ARRESTER WIRE SO VIOLENTLY THAT IT BROKE IN HALF. THE FORE-PART PLOUGHED THROUGH THREE BARRIERS.



A SCENE WHICH POIGNANTLY RECALLS THE SHELL-TORN BATTLEFIELDS OF THE 1914-18 WAR: KOREA'S "BLOODY RIDGE," AFTER A BOMBARDMENT OF 390,000 ROUNDS.

"Bloody Ridge," a 3000-ft. hogbacked ridge with three peaks, north of Yanggu, was recently the scene of the most violent fighting since the breakdown of the Kaesong talks. After a terrific bombardment by U.N. artillery, in which 390,000 rounds were fired, it was taken by the U.S. 2nd Infantry Division after a hard struggle. Some 900 Communist prisoners were taken, but the total Chinese and North Korean casualties were reckoned to be 10,500. Our photograph shows U.S. troops occupying the ridge after the battle.



GUSTAV HERLING, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Born in Poland in 1919. During the German occupation he started one of the first underground newspapers. He was ordered by the underground authorities to try and reach the Polish Army in the West, but he was arrested by the Russians in March 1940, and the next two years of his life, spent in Russian prisons and a labour camp, are described in this book. Since 1947 he has been living in London.

LIVING DEATH IN A SOVIET LABOUR CAMP.

"A WORLD APART"; by GUSTAV HERLING.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

I WONDER if the Dean of Canterbury (who ought, long ago, to have been appointed Chaplain-General of the Russian Forces) has ever read any of the many books written by persons, whether ex-Soviet officials or ex-inhabitants of slave-camps, who have stolen from behind the "Iron

Curtain" to tell us their ghastly experiences. If he hasn't, or

if, cursorily perusing them, he has dismissed them as "Anglo-American capitalist-imperialist propaganda," I suggest that he might try this new book by a Pole who, before his captivity, was rather communistically inclined. If any portion of his mind remains penetrable by fact, he might reconsider his position. For it is the story of life in camps as horrible as those of Belsen and Buchenwald and which do not even offer the blessed release of the gas-chamber. As Lord Russell (whom nobody has ever suspected of being what is now absurdly called "Right-Wing") says in his introduction: "In the years 1940-42 he was first in prison and then in a forced-labour camp near Archangel. The bulk of the book relates what he saw and suffered in the camp. The book ends with letters from eminent Communists saying that no such camps exist. Those who write these letters and those fellow-travellers who allow themselves to believe them share responsibility for the almost unbelievable horrors which are being inflicted upon millions of wretched men and women, slowly done to death by hard labour and starvation in the Arctic cold. Fellow-travellers who refuse to believe the evidence of books such as Mr. Herling's are necessarily people devoid of humanity, for if they had any humanity they would not merely dismiss the evidence, but would take some trouble to look into it." The world, alas, is fuller than ever it was of people who insist upon the facts fitting in with the hypotheses.

How did the author get into a Russian prison? The real answer is that he was an educated Pole; the pretext is given in an account of a conversation which he had at night "with an incredibly strong light shining straight in my eyes. The first accusation in my indictment was based on two points of evidence. First, the high leather boots which I wore supposedly proved that I was a Major of the Polish Army. (These boots had been given to me by my younger sister when I decided to try and make my way abroad after Poland had been defeated and partitioned between Germany and Russia in September, 1939. I was then twenty, and the war had interrupted my university studies.) Secondly, my name, when transcribed into Russian, became Gerling, and this supposedly made me the relative of a well-known Field Marshal of the German Air Force. The accusation therefore read: 'Polish officer in the pay of the enemy.' But fortunately it did

not take me long to convince the interrogator that these accusations were quite without foundation, and we were able to dispense with them entirely. There remained the one undisputed fact—when arrested, I had been trying to cross the frontier between the Soviet Union and Lithuania. Then: 'May I ask you why you were trying to do that?'

"I wanted to fight the Germans."

"Yes. And are you aware that the Soviet Union has signed a pact of friendship with Germany?"

"Yes, but I am also aware that the Soviet Union has not declared war on France and England."

"That has not the slightest significance."

"Then how, finally, does the indictment stand?"

"Attempting to cross the Soviet-Lithuanian frontier in order to fight against the Soviet Union."

"Could you not substitute the words 'against Germany' for 'against the Soviet Union?' A

published but who actually was sent to the Urals and ultimately to Central Asia, where he saw how the Muscovites ran their precious local "Soviet Republic"), his story would have been, however revolting, more exciting for the reader. As things are, it has necessarily the monotony of that wired enclosure, with its grey skies, its snows, its routine of insufficient food, its drudgery in the forests, its constant succession of deaths and of recruits to fill the places of the dead, and its utter abolition of hope. Nobody could possibly read this book for entertainment; it is a very detailed document, and its details are gruesome. There are parts of it, especially as relating to the degradation of the women in the camp, which I should not attempt to quote, and which would not be printed were I to attempt quotation. It may be enough to say that ordinary criminals were the "trusties" in the camp and had authority over political, political

including a "national deviationist" infected with local Usbek patriotism—nobody being allowed patriotism except to Muscovy and Our Little Father Stalin. Like other prisoners, Russian and Polish, Mr. Herling met men, starved, beaten, tortured, doomed men, jailed on false accusations in order to keep up the numbers of the twenty million slave toilers, who made no complaint, being so indoctrinated that they thought they were suffering in the greatest causes: "dulce et decorum" to die for Marxism, Leninism, Stalinism, and "theirs not to reason why." The thing, as not everybody realises, has become a religion, fortified with every sort of lie: whether the leaders believe in it or not is another matter (anyhow, at this stage, they have to look after their skins), but millions of their followers do, and millions of others are given privileges for so doing. Underneath the surface, nevertheless, there are multitudes of "national deviationists," from Poles and Ukrainians to Mongolians, who must be awaiting liberation: as, indeed, is nearly half Europe.

As to how or whence liberation may come I know no more than the next man. Lord Russell, in a vague, tolerant, optimistic way, says that he hopes the book "will rouse in its readers not useless vindictiveness, but a vast compassion for the petty criminals, almost as much as for their victims, and a determination to understand and eliminate the springs of cruelty in human nature that has become distorted by bad social systems." Methinks I hear an echo of the voice of that woolly-minded rascal, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who decided, when meditating on the Grande Corniche, or some such place, that man was naturally good but that institutions had made him bad. It never seemed to occur to him whence and why the institutions should have originated, unless from man and because of man's propensities. Lord Russell has written many books, in which I must admit that the prose has been uniformly good even when the

arguments have not. I think that if he is contemplating a major swan-song he might devote himself to a treatise explaining how precisely to "eliminate the springs of cruelty in human nature." He might—for he has an honest, if narrow, mind which fears no conclusions—surprise himself by reaching at last old views concerning Original Sin, Free Will, Deadly Sins and Cardinal Virtues. There were criminal, deviationist nuns in Mr. Herling's camp who were sustained by their convictions as to such things.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 462 of this issue.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE AUTHOR, GUSTAV HERLING, TAKEN IN GRODNO PRISON IN 1940, AND STOLEN BY HIM FROM HIS DOSSIER ON THE DAY OF HIS RELEASE FROM THE KARGOPOL CAMP, WHERE HE HAD SPENT EIGHTEEN MONTHS BETWEEN 1940-42



A PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE CAMP-SECTIONS OF THE KARGOPOL CAMP, TAKEN ORIGINALLY BY A CAMP GUARD AS A SOUVENIR, AND LATER SOLD BY HIM TO ONE OF THE PRISONERS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "A World Apart"; by courtesy of the publisher, William Heinemann.

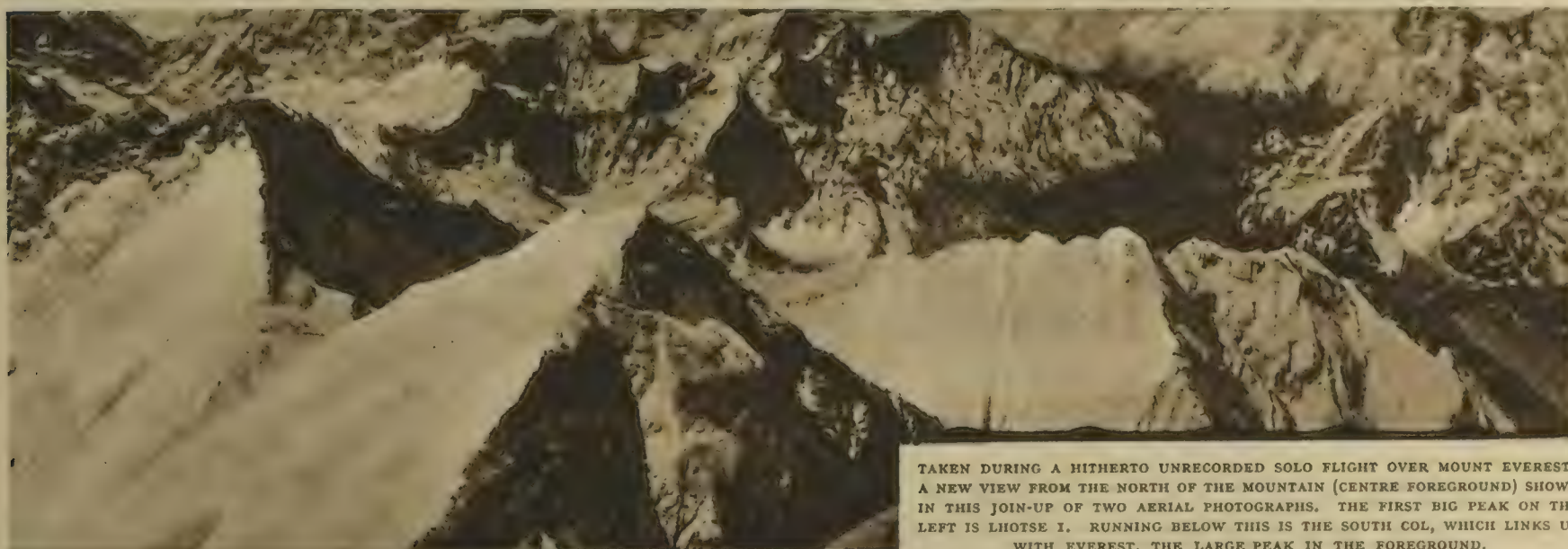
blow in the face brought me back to my senses. 'It comes to the same thing, anyway,' the judge consoled me as I signed the confession of guilt which had been placed in front of me." That last sentence illustrates one strange streak in Soviet mentality: in order that the documents should be ship-shape in accordance with Soviet notions of "justice," they like a confession of guilt. After all, if the prisoner has confessed, what more is there to be said?

The greater portion of Mr. Herling's book deals with his experiences in a prison-camp in the far north. Had he been moved from place to place (as was a Polish friend of mine, whose narrative was never

* "A World Apart." By Gustav Herling. Translated from the Polish by Joseph Marek. With a Preface by Bertrand Russell, O.M. Illustrated. (Heinemann, 16s.)



SAID TO BE "OVERWHELMING IN ITS BEAUTY": EVEREST FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, LOOKING TOWARDS TIBET (BACKGROUND). ON THE LEFT OF THE SUMMIT (CENTRE) IS THE WEST RIDGE, AND SLIGHTLY TO THE RIGHT OF THIS IS THE SOUTH-WEST RIDGE. RUNNING FROM THE SUMMIT DOWN TO THE CENTRE OF THE PICTURE IS THE SOUTH COL. THE PEAK IN THE LOWER LEFT-HAND CORNER IS LHOTSE I. TO THE RIGHT OF THE SUMMIT IS THE EAST FACE, AND FURTHER RIGHT THE EASTERN HALF OF THE RONGBUK GLACIER.



TAKEN DURING A HITHERTO UNRECORDED SOLO FLIGHT OVER MOUNT EVEREST: A NEW VIEW FROM THE NORTH OF THE MOUNTAIN (CENTRE FOREGROUND) SHOWN IN THIS JOIN-UP OF TWO AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. THE FIRST BIG PEAK ON THE LEFT IS LHOTSE I. RUNNING BELOW THIS IS THE SOUTH COL, WHICH LINKS UP WITH EVEREST, THE LARGE PEAK IN THE FOREGROUND.



SHOWING THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST IN THE FOREGROUND: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN VERY FAVOURABLE WEATHER. THE SNOW-CAP JUST ABOVE THE RIGHT-HAND CORNER, WHERE THE SOUTH-WEST RIDGE RUNS DOWN, IS BELIEVED TO BE THE SOUTH COL.

The small reconnaissance party, under the leadership of Mr. Eric Shipton, which is to investigate the south-western aspect of Mount Everest this autumn, arrived in Nepal at the end of August. This side of the mountain can be approached only through Nepal, and the Government of that country have kindly granted the privilege. Writing in *The Times* in August, Mr. Eric Shipton summed up the main objects of the present expedition as: "First, to look for an alternative route to the summit from the Western Cwm up the south-western side of the mountain, the only side which has not yet been explored; secondly, to ascertain



SHOWING THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST SLIGHTLY BELOW THE CENTRE: A PHOTOGRAPH IN WHICH THE NORTH-EAST RIDGE CAN BE SEEN ON THE LEFT, RUNNING FROM THE SUMMIT DOWNWARDS. BELOW THIS IS THE GREAT COULOIR. TO THE RIGHT OF THE SUMMIT IS THE SOUTH-WEST RIDGE.

whether or not adverse snow conditions on the upper part of Everest would preclude a post-monsoon attempt; thirdly, to find out whether it is possible to climb to great altitudes in the cold that is likely to be met with in the late autumn." The party, which is composed of Mr. Eric Shipton, Mr. W. H. Murray, Dr. M. Ward and Mr. T. Bourdillon, has been sponsored by the Himalayan Committee of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club. The photographs on this page have not been received from Eric Shipton's party, but were taken over the summit of Mount Everest during a solo flight hitherto unrecorded.

OVER EVEREST: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN ASPECTS TAKEN DURING A HITHERTO UNRECORDED SOLO FLIGHT.

IN the discussions on German rearmament, the name of General Guderian crops up from time to time. This is on account of his personal comments. He is apparently not one of the military advisers of the Chancellor. Perhaps his age, sixty-three, and the strain of war, which led to violent heart attacks, furnish sufficient reason why he should not be, without seeking a political explanation. On this side his outlook is worth study. According to his own evidence he was most anxious that a European war should be avoided. He forbade the issue of the "Kommissarbefehl" (on the withdrawal of legal protection from the civil population and prisoners of war) to his troops in Russia. Yet he fully accepted Hitler and at one time worked as his close collaborator. If he criticises him now, it is rather for his errors than for the structure of his system. He never heard anything of the murder plot, but would have nothing to do with the plot to curb Hitler's power, though he would have been glad to see it curbed. Yet he did not give away those who approached him, and when he heard that Field Marshal von Kluge might try to conclude an armistice with General Eisenhower, he merely made up his mind to have him removed from the front if possible. Hitler knew more than he did about von Kluge, and the latter solved the problem by taking poison.

Colonel-General Guderian never reached the rank of Field Marshal but, with the exception of Rommel, he became the most celebrated soldier in Germany. If their tactical skill in the employment of armoured forces in the field may be considered equal, Guderian's scope was the wider. He was more of a technician and organiser. Primarily responsible for the development of German armoured forces between the two wars, he was also responsible for their development and reconstruction in the midst of the Second World War. I have found his book of reminiscences, covering the period from 1922 to 1945, one of the best of its kind.* It makes no concessions to the reader merely greedy for sensation, but the dramatic quality of much that he has to record is not thereby diminished for those who are prepared to give him their attention. He was determined to impose his will not only on the enemy but also on all who interfered with the development of his ideas, from Hitler downwards, with the result that on three separate occasions during the war he was relieved of his appointment. He was a headstrong and difficult subordinate because he believed so passionately in the armoured forces he had done so much to forge, and furiously resented what he held to be the mishandling of this weapon.

It seems to me that there can be few soldiers who would not benefit by study of the few early pages devoted to the creation of the German armoured forces. It was done from scratch. There was not even any German literature on the subject, so he turned to foreign, notably Fuller, Liddell Hart and Martel. Those who despair of training without material should note the use he made of dummies; it was from them that he first developed his tactical theories. He was bitterly opposed to the notion that tanks should be used merely as "helpers" to infantry and in close touch with it. According to him, armoured forces should be independent and play the leading part, others conforming to and exploiting their action. Here he came into conflict with most of the senior officers, notably Beck. He found one supporter in the open-minded Freiherr von Fritsch, elderly and inclined to be cautious though he was. The following pleasant exchange took place between the two. Fritsch: "You know, the technicians all lie." Guderian: "There's certainly plenty of lying, but in a year or two one can generally tell if the technicians' ideas are impracticable. The tacticians lie too, but the first time one realises it is after the next lost war, and then it's too late." Fritsch, changing his monocle from one eye to the other: "You may be right." He had really little to grumble about in the development of theory and material before the war.

I pass over the Polish campaign, in which Guderian commanded a corps, and on to the French campaign of 1940, in which he commanded the same formation, but now with greater strength in armour. This is a curious story. The plan of attack, as is generally known, was thought out by Manstein, "unser bester operativer Kopf," who was then removed to a command in the third wave of the attack. Guderian had no part in the plan, except to advocate increasing the armoured and motorised divisions on the main line of operations. The plan adopted followed Manstein's line of advance through the Ardennes, but laid down that there should be a succession of halts to allow the infantry to catch up the armour and establish positions of defence. This was anathema to Guderian. He tells us that he got no orders after establishing a bridgehead over the Meuse, and that every step until he reached the sea was taken on his own initiative. He did, however, get orders to halt, and gave in his resignation; but the amiable General List found a formula whereby "reconnaissance in battle strength" was permitted to his corps, and all went on as before. Hitler's next halt, when he refused to throw in his armour against the British at Dunkirk, could not so easily be evaded.

* "Erinnerungen eines Soldaten." By Heinz Guderian. (Heidelberg: Kurt Vowinkel.)

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. GENERAL GUDERIAN AND THE GERMAN ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

In the Russian campaign Guderian, now in command of a Panzer Group, and later of the Second Panzer Army, played a great part in the advance on Moscow. His personal activity was remarkable. He must have had an excellent staff, for he spent the minimum of time at his command post. He flew



"WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ROMMEL, HE BECAME THE MOST CELEBRATED SOLDIER IN GERMANY": COLONEL-GENERAL GUDERIAN IN HIS ARMoured COMMAND VEHICLE.



THE AUTHOR OF "ERINNERUNGEN EINES SOLDATEN," WHICH CAPTAIN FALLS REVIEWS ON THIS PAGE: COLONEL-GENERAL GUDERIAN, WHO WAS ONE OF THE CREATORS OF THE GERMAN ARMoured FORCES.

Reproductions from "Erinnerungen eines Soldaten"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, Kurt Vowinkel, Heidelberg.

about the front in his little Storch aircraft, and when that was impossible drove long distances over the miserable roads in a truck. His day lasted up to eighteen hours, and if night caught him with advanced

troops he slept where he was. There can be little doubt that the origin of his heart troubles lay here. In this campaign the differences between him and the higher command became far more serious than in France. For him the goal was Moscow; for Hitler, to begin with, the industries of southern Russia. Guderian was diverted from his line of operations to the south to take

part in the closing of the vast "Kiev pocket." This was a great victory, which brought in 665,000 prisoners, but Guderian held that it would have been better to leave the task to the infantry, even if the envelopment were not so complete, and press on towards the capital with the armour. Then Hitler gave Moscow as the objective, but Guderian did not get on the move again until October 2. It was too late; the first snow fell on the 6th, and about the same time the Russian T.34 tank appeared in considerable numbers.

On December 5, on his own initiative, he broke off the useless attack south of Moscow. A fierce struggle with Hitler followed. He flew to see him, demanded a withdrawal to the Oka (which runs through Orel), and indignantly represented the cruel situation of his troops, without winter clothing. On Christmas Day he was relieved from his command at his own request. It is doubtful whether he could have carried on, in view of the violent heart attacks which he suffered immediately afterwards, and in normal circumstances this would have meant the end of his military career. Yet they could not do without him. After fourteen months on the shelf, during which he had done a little farming, he was recalled, though still very ill—in fact, after meeting the strain of opposition to his ideas in a long conference, he fainted and fell on the floor, but without being observed. He was appointed Inspector General of Armoured Forces, which he was empowered to reorganise from top to bottom. It is impossible to give the details either of his masterly programme or of his bargaining about the sphere of his authority, a vital problem in such circumstances. He got his way in great part, but not wholly. All this section of the book is of absorbing technical interest.

Then, in July, 1944, this extraordinary man doubled the rôle of Inspector General of Armoured Forces with that of Chief of the Staff of the Army. By that time the theoretical machinery of the command had proved inadequate, and the Army Command (O.K.H.) was responsible for the Eastern front, while the Wehrmacht (O.K.W.) dealt with the others, Hitler in person exercising supreme command in both cases. Guderian took over his new appointment at the moment of two crises, the attempt on the life of Hitler and the disastrous defeat—indeed, the virtual destruction—of the Centre Group of Armies facing the Russians. The new commander of this group, Model, patched up the wreckage with outstanding skill, but it was only patchwork. Russian superiority in tanks and men had by now become overwhelming. It was only a question of how long the Russians would take to mount their great offensives, and there now remained little ground which could safely be bartered for time. On March 28, 1945, Guderian was relieved of his command for the third and last time, though even then Hitler expressed the hope that after treatment of his heart trouble he would again become fit for duty.

The sketches, judgments and comments with which the book is seamed lighten the narrative. Guderian had a great admiration for Rommel, who, when he went home sick to Germany just before the Battle of Alamein, requested that Guderian should take his place. He disagreed, however, with Rommel's strategy and tactics of defence of Western Europe. It appeared to him that the great African fighter had become so fearful of the Allied air arm as to despair of ever using armour in mass. Nor did he count upon moving armoured divisions by night, though this was in fact found practicable. Guderian criticises the disposal and handling of the German armour in Normandy as strongly as Field Marshal Lord Montgomery. Guderian had contrived that his brilliant subordinate of the earlier years of the war, Freiherr von Geyr von Schweppenburg, should be appointed "General of the Panzer Troops West," under Rundstedt for operations and under himself for the domestic affairs of the armoured forces; but Rommel countermanded his designs to concentrate the armour, which was destroyed in isolated counter-attacks.

He suggests also the possibility that Rommel held up an armoured division in order to have in his hand a completely reliable formation should the plot against Hitler succeed. He looks upon von Kluge as one of the evil influences both in Russia and in the West. His admiration for Manstein has already been mentioned. The picture of Hitler is fascinating. He tells us, by the way, in a passage which should amuse Mr. Trevor Roper, of Hitler's eagerness that he should be treated for his heart trouble with injections by the notorious physician Morell. His own Berlin doctor warned him not to submit to anything of the sort, and his personal judgment did not favour the experiment. "Das Beispiel Hitlers," he remarks, "ermutigte nicht gerade zu einer Behandlung durch Herrn Morell." Goebbels appeared to him one of the ablest men in the Nazi Party. When he sounded Jodl over the possibility of giving professional soldiers more control of operations, the Führer's staunch henchman replied: "Do you know a better supreme commander than Adolf Hitler?"

A NORWEGIAN-DUTCH ATOMIC PROJECT: THE NEW ATOMIC REACTOR AT OSLO.



WORKING ON ONE OF THE CADMIUM SHEETS USED TO CONTROL THE ACTIVITY OF THE REACTOR: A TECHNICIAN PHOTOGRAPHED FROM OUTSIDE THE REACTOR TANK.

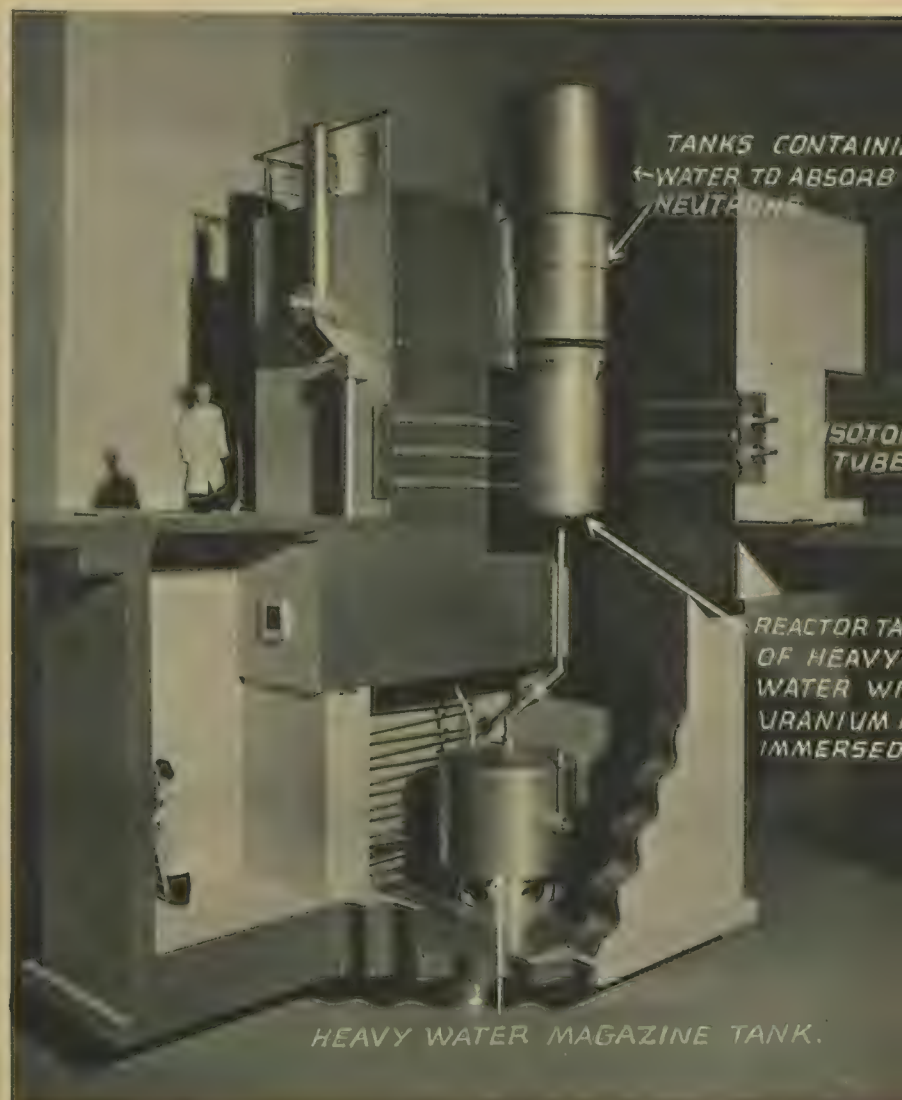


SHOWING TECHNICIANS MEASURING THE NEUTRON INTENSITY WITH GEIGER-MULLER COUNTERS: THE TOP OF THE REACTOR TANK DURING THE FIRST TEST ON JULY 30.



ON THE "CAPTAIN'S BRIDGE" OF THE NORWEGIAN-DUTCH ATOMIC REACTOR: DR. GUNNAR RANDERS, THE MANAGING DIRECTOR, IN THE CONTROL ROOM, WHERE THE REACTOR IS RUN BY REMOTE CONTROL.

On July 30 Norway's atomic reactor at Kjeller, a suburb of Oslo, was put into operation and the official inauguration is expected to take place very soon. Named "Jeep," the reactor has been entirely constructed by Norwegian scientists, engineers and technicians, but since Dutch scientists were anxious to co-operate and the Netherlands could deliver enough uranium to keep the reactor supplied for many years, an agreement was signed by the two Governments and a joint commission was established with the Norwegian scientist Dr. Gunnar Randers as managing director of the project. The intention is to harness atomic energy for peaceful purposes, and the immediate results of the operation of "Jeep" will be the production of radio-active isotopes which both Norway and the Netherlands need for research and medical diagnosis. The reactor will therefore produce the atomic tools of research and its peak power will be 100 kilowatts, representing a neutron flux of about one billion a square centimetre a second at the centre of the reactor-tank. The heart of the reactor consists of an aluminium container filled with 7.5 tons of heavy water, which has been produced in the big plants of Norsk Hydro. Uranium rods in aluminium cases are hung vertically from the top of the reactor tank into the heavy water. These rods are the "fuel tubes" of the plant. The reactor tank is surrounded by a thick layer of 50 tons of graphite, and the operating personnel are protected by a thick concrete shield enclosing the tank and graphite. The concrete is covered inside by sheets of cadmium, a neutron-absorbing material. A number of isotope tubes for



SHOWING THE WATER-TANKS, REACTOR TANK AND THE MAGAZINE FOR HEAVY WATER, BEHIND WHICH MAY BE SEEN TUBES OF THE HEAT CONVERTER: A MODEL OF AN ATOMIC REACTOR.



SHOWING PART OF THE OCTAGONAL CONCRETE SHIELDING: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION WORK WAS COMPLETED ON THE NORWEGIAN-DUTCH ATOMIC REACTOR.

experimental irradiations extends through the concrete, the graphite and the reactor tank itself. These tubes permit materials to be irradiated at the highest neutron flux level and thus produce radio-active isotopes. The heavy water is used as a "moderator" to reduce the immense speed of the neutrons and slow them down to so-called thermal neutrons. The neutrons split uranium atoms which in turn produce more neutrons which split other atoms in a chain reaction. A reactor is, in fact, a controlled atomic bomb.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND PHANTASY AT THE LONDON SALON EXHIBITION.



"WILL YOU COME INTO MY PARLOUR?"; BY E. HEIMANN, F.R.P.S.



"THE STAIRCASE"; BY H. MORTIMER, A.R.P.S.



"EN AVANT—MARCHE!"; BY A. COQUELIN.

The 42nd Annual Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, which opened at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 26, Conduit Street, New Bond Street, London, on September 15, will continue until October 13, inclusive. The exhibition is open daily from 10 a.m. to

6 p.m., and on Sundays from 2 to 6 p.m. After the exhibition closes, about a hundred of the photographs will be chosen for display during a tour of the provincial galleries. This year, out of a total entry of about 3000, some 450 have been selected for exhibition. Photographs have been received from

[Continued opposite.]

AT THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY 42ND EXHIBITION—1951.

"BE GOOD, SWEET MAID, AND LET WHO CAN BE CLEVER": "TWO PRINCESSES"; BY FRANCIS WU, F.P.S.A., F.R.P.S.

Continued. all parts of the world, including China, Japan and Malaya. It is interesting to note that the majority of the exhibits are by amateurs to whom photography is a hobby. The aim of the London Salon is "to exhibit only that class of work in pictorial photography in which there is distinct evidence of personal artistic

feeling and execution." Students of photography will be able to compare the exhibits with those at the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, which is being held at the Society's House, 16, Prince's Gate, Kensington. This exhibition opened on September 13 and will continue until October 13.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHAT are the twelve best or the hundred best Alpine and rock-garden plants? Gardeners, and especially garden writers, are forever amusing and be-

musings themselves by compiling such lists. I have done it myself. But there was provocation. I was offered a breath-taking sum of money to select the fifty best everyman Alpines, and write a brief description

PURPLE ROCK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

good loam and a lot of mortar rubble—or mortal remains, as a Swiss friend used to call it—in order to grow pinks and aubrietias. In the same way, if I lived in London I should hasten to live in the country in order to grow aubrietias—and a few other plants which dislike permanent life in London as much as I do.

In nature the original wild aubrietia species must, I feel sure, be rock and cliff dwellers, for their anglicised garden descendants never thrive so well and look so happy as when they are cascading down the steeper slopes in the rock-garden, or hanging in curtains of colour down the vertical face of a wall garden. Although they prefer steep and precipitous positions, aubrietias are often grown successfully on the flat, especially among the front edging plants in the herbaceous border. A good plan when they are grown in this way is to make a simple low outcrop of rocks, to raise them slightly above ground-level. When this is done it's the aubrietias that are the important thing, and if they entirely clothe and hide the rocks so much the better. The rocks are only there to give the aubrietias the extra drainage that they enjoy, and at the same time to raise them from flat monotony to a little extra importance.

There is one simple item in the cultivation of aubrietias which is seldom practised, but which is well worth while. Unlike Samson, they gain extra strength and vigour from an annual Eton crop. Directly they have finished flowering in early summer take a sharp knife and cut the trailing growths hard back to within an inch or two of the scalp. For a week or two they look awful. But they soon grow away vigorously, and replace the shorn locks with a healthy, vigorous coil which will flower next year as never before. I once did this to a wide expanse of aubrietias on a big rock-garden on which I was doing renovation work pro-

fessionally. Never had I seen such consternation as the owner showed, and never endured such dirty looks as he gave me. He thought me crazy. I had ruined what had been the apple of his eye. I told him to wait and see, did a little more trimming and Eton cropping, and gave the plants a top dressing with lime and a little mild nourishment. That, and a shower of rain, soon restored my status as an expert.

Aubrietias are easy to propagate, either from seed or vegetatively. Named sorts do not come true to type from seeds, and must therefore be increased either from cuttings or division. I have found the most satisfactory way is to cut a clump hard back in August. In September, when fresh short new shoots have formed, dig the plant up, wash it clear of soil, and split it up into many small divisions, pot them, and keep in a cold frame for a fortnight. In September the divisions root and become established very readily. It is worth buying a selection of the best-named varieties, for many of them are very fine indeed. This is not surprising, for they are the pick of all the seedlings that have been raised by nurserymen and gardeners during the last fifty years or more.

Only the outstandingly best are picked out, kept for propagating, and named. With such plants it is always best to see them in flower and make your choice on the spot. Catalogue descriptions are often misleading, not because of any naughtiness on the part of nurserymen, but because colours and finer shades of colour are so very difficult to define and describe, except by means of a colour chart, which comparatively few amateur gardeners possess. And what nurseryman is going to produce a catalogue that reads like something between "Bradshaw's Railway Guide" and a collection of algebraic formulæ? It's therefore bound to be either a gamble on descriptions or choosing at sight of the plant itself, and no true gardener can resist a visit, or many visits, to his favourite nursery.

I shall only name four aubrietias. "Dr. Mules" is one of the best, and most popular, purple—or violet—varieties, and must be one of the oldest. How old I cannot say. It was popular over fifty years ago, and it takes some years for any plant to become well known. Larger flowered and more brilliant purples have appeared, but still "Dr. Mules" holds its own. How, or why, I don't know, but it must have some subtle quality that has caused it to remain a first-rate standby all these years, and in spite of much competition. Aubrietia "Lavender," with fine solid flowers of a clear lavender blue, has long enjoyed and deserved great popularity.

"Vindictive" is a crimson with a vindictive, barbaric twang of claret in it. It cropped up as a self-sown seedling on my Stevenage nursery at about the time of H.M.S. *Vindictive's* epic engagement at Zeebrugge. Hence—and on account of the quality of its colour—the name.

Aubrietia "Carnival" I saw growing as a self-sown seedling in a path in the R.H.S. Wisley rock-garden, many years ago. I was going round with the foreman, whom I chaffed for allowing such an untidy weed on his paths. In the same spirit he dug it up and gave it to me. It turned out a good type, worth



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THE ORIGINAL MEDITERRANEAN WILD FLOWER FROM WHICH ALL THE "AUBRIETIAS" OF THE MODERN GARDEN DESCEND: *AUBRIETA DELTOIDEA*, THEN CALLED *ALYSSUM DELTOIDEUM*, FROM A PLATE IN CURTIS'S "BOTANICAL MAGAZINE," VOL. 4 (1790).

So firmly is the name "Aubrietia" fixed in so many minds, that any attempt to insist on the correct name "Aubrieta" is like trying to persuade a child to call a nasturtium a tropæolum. The genus is named after Claude Aubriet (1665-1742), one of the finest of French flower artists, who accompanied Tournefort on his famous botanical tour of the Levant at the beginning of the eighteenth century. His line drawings of plants are exceptionally fine.

of each, for a forthcoming set of cigarette-cards. Who was I to resist temporary wealth and lasting fame? I did the job and received my cheque, and then fame was snatched from me. War broke out, the publication of cigarette-cards came to an abrupt end, and my masterpiece went, presumably, into cold storage. But which are the twelve best, and the hundred best Alpines? The answer is that there are at least a hundred of the former and many hundreds of the latter. On the other hand, I have no hesitation in naming the three basic Alpines for the beginner. They are white arabis, purple aubrietia and yellow alyssum. In market and barrow-boy circles arabis is known as white rock and aubrietia as purple rock. *Cerastium tomentosum*, or snow-in-summer, comes fourth, an "also ran," and if you know the plant's habits you shall be forgiven for murmuring—"and how."

The garden aubrietias of to-day are of humble Levantine origin. The few original species, which came to this country as immigrants, are comparatively insignificant poor relations, and are seldom seen outside botanic gardens. Their descendants have made good, with an oriental splendour which has gained them the *entrée* to even the most exclusive gardens.

Aubrietias are the easiest things in the world to grow. Any reasonable soil seems to suit them, except peat. They revel in sunshine, sulk in shade, and batten on limey and chalky fare. Like so many crucifers they detest London winter fogs. If I lived and gardened on acid, peaty soil—which I don't, never have and never shall—I should import some



A TYPICAL MODERN "AUBRIETIA" WITH A COMPACT BUT TRAILING HABIT, COVERED WITH LARGE FLOWERS OF "AN ORIENTAL SPLENDOUR WHICH HAS GAINED THEM THE *ENTRÉE* TO EVEN THE MOST EXCLUSIVE GARDENS."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

perpetuating and naming. In colour it is strong violet, and it grows—like a weed.

Raising aubrietias from seed is good fun, and good value, especially the strain with semi-double flowers. Worthless seedlings are few and far between, and there is always the chance of raising a winner.

THE SONIC BARRIER IS SIMPLY AN INCREASE IN RESISTANCE TO THE AIRCRAFT'S MOTION WHEN IT IS TRAVELLING AT THE SPEED OF SOUND.

AIRCRAFT FLYING BELOW THE SPEED OF SOUND.

AIRCRAFT ENTERING SONIC BARRIER & ENCOUNTERING A RAPIDLY INCREASING RESISTANCE.

AIRCRAFT FLYING AT APPROXIMATELY THE SPEED OF SOUND & PRODUCING SHOCK WAVE.

RESISTANT COEFFICIENT

WHEN AN AIRCRAFT IS FLYING AT A SPEED BELOW THE SPEED OF SOUND THE AIR AHEAD OF THE AEROPLANE IS AFFECTED BY ITS APPROACH & BEGINS TO DEFLECT GRADUALLY. THE PRESSURE CHANGE IS ALSO GRADUAL.

DEFLECTION & PRESSURE CHANGE AHEAD OF THE AIRCRAFT.

WHEN AN AIRCRAFT FLIES ABOVE THE SPEED OF SOUND THE AIR AHEAD HAS NO WARNING OF THE AEROPLANE'S APPROACH & IS THUS DEFLECTED ABRUPTLY, PRODUCING A "SHOCK WAVE" & ALSO A VERY SUDDEN CHANGE IN PRESSURE.

SHOCK WAVE

SUDDEN DEFLECTION

SHOCK WAVE

HIGH PRESSURE

LOW PRESSURE

AN AIRCRAFT FLYING ABOVE THE SPEED OF SOUND CAN NOT BE HEARD AS IT APPROACHES.

1. AIRCRAFT APPROACHING OBSERVER AT A SPEED EXCEEDING THE SPEED OF SOUND & INAUDIBLE.

2. EVEN WHEN THE AEROPLANE IS DIRECTLY OVER-HEAD NO SOUND IS HEARD BY THE OBSERVER.

3. IT IS ONLY AFTER THE AIRCRAFT HAS PASSED THAT THE SHOCK WAVE REACHES THE OBSERVER.

OBSERVER

THE PRESSURE WAVE STRIKES THE EARS OF THE OBSERVER WITH SUDDEN FORCE AND IS HEARD AS AN EXPLOSIVE SOUND.

PATH OF PRESSURE WAVE

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED: WHY AIRCRAFT BREAKING THROUGH THE "SONIC" BARRIER PRODUCE AN EXPLOSIVE SOUND.

Last month observers in the Aldershot, Farnham and Farnborough area were startled by the noise of an "explosion" when an R.A.F. test pilot flew faster than sound in a U.S. F.86 *Sabre* jet fighter. This noise is caused by the shock wave produced by the speed of the aircraft building up a sudden increase of pressure in the air which strikes the ears of an observer and is heard as an explosive sound. During the last war, many people who heard the fall of a V2 rocket

noted that there were two explosions. The first being the actual explosion of the rocket, and the second (not so loud as the first) the arrival of the shock wave that was trailing in a V-shaped wave behind the faster-than-sound projectile. The reason why the pressure builds up so suddenly at the speed of sound into what is commonly called a "sonic" barrier, is that there is a culmination in pressure build-up which can only be explained by a complicated mathematical formula.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

THE RENAISSANCE OF BRITISH AIRPOWER: NEW MILITARY AND EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT SHOWN AT FARNBOROUGH IN THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS' TWELFTH EXHIBITION.



AN ENGLISH ELECTRIC *CANBERRA* MARK 3, THE HIGH-ALTITUDE-RECONNAISSANCE FORM OF THIS TWIN-JET BOMBER, WITH ROLLS-ROYCE *AFGX* ENGINES.



THE WELL-KNOWN GLOSTER *METEOR* IN THE PRIVATE-VENTURE GROUND-ATTACK VERSION, SHOWN HERE WITH A FULL LOAD OF ROCKETS, TWO *DEHAVILLAND* JETS.



NOW ESTABLISHED IN R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND SERVICE, THE AVRO *SHACKLETON*, WITH FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE *GRIFPUS* ENGINES, FOR MARITIME RECONNAISSANCE AND ANTI-SUBMARINE DUTIES.



THE AVRO 707B DELTA-WING AIRCRAFT, A RESEARCH AIRCRAFT WITH A BOWAL INTAKE. THE 707A HAS WING-ROOT INTAKES. BOTH HAVE ROLLS-ROYCE *DEHAVILLAND* JETS.



ORDERED IN QUANTITY FOR THE R.A.F. AND CLAIMED TO BE SUPERIOR TO THE U.S. *SABER* AND RUSSIAN *MIG-15*: THE HAWKER P.1067 FIGHTER COMING IN TO LAND. IT HAS WING-ROOT INTAKES FOR THE ROLLS-ROYCE *AFGX* TURBOJET.



CLAIMED AS THE FASTEST AND MOST POWERFUL NAVAL FIGHTER IN THE WORLD: THE SUPERMARINE 508, WITH ITS DISTINCTIVE BUTTERFLY TAIL UNIT. IT HAS TWO ROLLS-ROYCE *AFGX* TURBOJETS.



THE BOULTON PAUL P. 111, A DELTA-WING EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT FOR AERODYNAMIC RESEARCH. IT HAS A ROLLS-ROYCE *NEVE* ENGINE AND AN UNUSUALLY BROAD FUSELAGE.



EVEN FASTER THAN THE *CANBERRA* AND WITH A LONGER RANGE AND HEAVIER CARRYING CAPACITY: THE NEW VICKERS-ARMSTRONG *VALIANT* FOUR *AFGX*-JET BOMBER.



ANOTHER NEW BRITISH FOUR-JET BOMBER: THE SHORT S.A.4. IT HAS FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE *AFGX* TURBOJETS MOUNTED IN TWO WING NACELLES. NOTE THE THIN WINGS.



TO BE THE R.A.F.'S FIRST BRITISH SWEEP-WING FIGHTER: THE SUPERMARINE *SWIFT*, POWERED WITH AN AXIAL-FLOW ROLLS-ROYCE *AFX*, WITH LATERAL INTAKES.

THE Society of British Aircraft Constructors' twelfth annual flying display and exhibition opened at Farnborough, Hants, on September 11, remaining open until September 14. This ever-impressive exhibition was marked on this occasion by the predominance of the gas turbine engine and the remarkable interest of the new military aircraft on view. Out of 48 aircraft types shown on the opening day, 25 were jets, and since civil airliners, winged targets, trainers, freighters, light transports and helicopters were included, the predominance (Continued opposite)



(Continued) of the gas turbine is even greater than these figures would show. In the class of military aircraft, the British aircraft industry has staged a renaissance, and the types shown are claimed to show that Britain has regained the lead in design and is meeting the need for rearmament with aircraft which are among the world's best. The *Canberra*, now in production in this country and America, is well known as the best two-jet light bomber. This year's show has presented two new and first-rate four-jet heavy bombers, the *Valiant* and the *Short SA4*; while in the sphere of fighters, the *Supermarine Swift*, the *Hawker P1067* and the *Supermarine 508* are all really outstanding. Delta-wing research aircraft appeared in four types and there were remarkable engine developments also exhibited.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

HAVING spent some time earlier this year endeavouring to observe the nesting behaviour of woodpeckers, and having tried with even less success to get some information on the way that the young are fed, I was naturally very interested in a note by Sir W. Beach Thomas in the *Observer* some weeks ago. He told how one of his neighbours put cheese on his bird-table and had the great satisfaction of seeing a woodpecker come and take some, then fly away and later come back with its mate. A little later, the parents were joined by their two youngsters; and it was then that the neighbour made his discovery. He watched one of the parent birds with cheese in its beak, so that some protruded at the sides, while the youngsters helped themselves to the protruding portions. The writer pointed out that most birds "spoon-feed their young" even when they are able to feed themselves and so spoil them, and he concluded that woodpeckers are wiser and have "discovered a way of teaching the young to feed for themselves. The cheese just emerging from the beak gives a plausible suggestion of the insect in the cracks of the bark."

In spite of the voluminous and detailed literature that is accruing on the behaviour of birds, we are a long way yet from understanding their psychology. It seems reasonable to suppose from observations made on mammals, especially on domesticated animals, but supported by many others made on wild animals, that they do teach their young, in the sense of training them. And every now and then, one is able to watch closely and carefully a sequence of actions in wild birds that has all the appearance of deliberate teaching. But the more one watches the more cautious one becomes, for fear of seeing what is not there. It is extremely easy to interpret an animal's behaviour in the light of human behaviour, and to see in it evidence of emotions or mental processes that the animal does not possess. On the other hand, we do need as many observations as we can get of supposed teaching of young animals. With these thoughts in mind, I tried to relate the incident of the cheese with what was known to me of the behaviour of woodpeckers.

I have tried to recall the various occasions when I had been near the nest of a great spotted woodpecker. I have seen it come to the hole in a tree with food protruding from the side of its beak, but the young ones have always been well inside the nest. And on those occasions when the young have left the nest and are being fed outside, when one might expect to see any "teaching" taking place, the parent birds are all too easily alarmed. They fly from tree to tree round the area of the nest, uttering continually a single hard note, almost metallic in quality, thus bringing feeding operations to an end. In fact, from my experience, it must be very difficult, except by the merest fortunate accident, to be able to watch woodpeckers feeding their young at all. We are not, then, in a position to say with confidence, based upon repeated observation, that great spotted woodpeckers contrive to have food protruding from the sides of their beaks in the later stages of feeding their young. Even if

we could, it would be rash to suggest that this was a deliberate effort at training; or, if deliberate, in the sense of purposive, that it was more than instinctive. To attribute wisdom to woodpeckers on the strength of one set of observations betrays an element of over-enthusiasm.

It is, of course, commonplace to see young birds, already capable of feeding themselves, solicit food with gaping beak and quivering wings. But this is merely a carry-over from the true feeding period. Likewise, the parent birds will often give way and proffer food, but this is no more than a relic of the parental feeding impulse. Both are short-lived. No

doubt there are over-indulgent parents among birds' as among humans, but it would be too sweeping a generalisation, that most birds spoon-feed their young. Mr. Derek Goodwin, who has had a considerable experience in keeping various Corvidæ, jays, magpies and jackdaws in captivity, as well as studying them closely in the field, has told me of his observations, which are appropriate to this discussion. He has often seen young jays and magpies, when they should be feeding themselves, endeavouring to take food from their parents' beaks. The parental response may be to drop the food to administer a peck, the youngster seizing the food, and, as often as not, dodging the blow aimed at it. The members of the Corvidæ, by the way, are regarded by common consent as the most highly developed mentally of all birds.

So far, my examination of this episode of the great spotted woodpecker justifies no more than a verdict of not proven. Then I thought of the fence in the park at Hampton Court, which is my favourite place for looking for this bird. There a wooden fence runs alongside a row of small, bushy trees, elders, hawthorns and the like. Many of these are already somewhat decrepit and have dead branches and stems. There I have often seen this particular woodpecker tearing away the bark for the beetle larvæ beneath. It also bores for insects, using the powerful beak for piercing the bark or the underlying wood; or it may take caterpillars from the leaves, or even flies and other winged insects, especially when feeding the chicks. In addition, spiders and occasional insects are taken from crevices in the bark. Great spotted woodpeckers are also known to have taken the young of smaller species of birds, but this must be comparatively rare. In spite of this varied diet, the fact remains that beetle larvæ living in dead wood form the staple food of the adult woodpecker, but, like almost every animal, it does not restrict itself to the main articles of diet. Nevertheless, the main feeding is done by other means than searching the crevices in bark, and to suggest that a parent bird purposively teaches its young to take insects from the crevices in bark looks, *a priori*, very like a woman teaching her baby to take sweets from a bag before teaching it to use a spoon and fork.

There is, however, a very definite advantage about putting forward a theory, or advancing an interpretation, as Sir W. Beach Thomas has done. It does stimulate the search for further evidence, either to substantiate it or to refute it. In this case, for example, it might well be argued that there is a need for the young woodpecker to be taught to take

insects from crevices in bark, if only to equip it with an easy means of feeding itself while it learns to get its food the hard way, by digging into the wood. The idea is by no means preposterous.

These contemplations must end almost where they began, by envying the one who has had the good fortune to have great spotted woodpeckers at his bird-table, and for having had the opportunity to watch the episode of the cheese. Further than this, I for one have resolved to watch more closely, if possible, during the next breeding season, how these woodpeckers behave at the critical "weaning" period.



ABOUT THE SIZE OF A BLACKBIRD AND MARKED IN BLACK AND WHITE EXCEPT FOR A RED CREST: THE GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER AT ITS NESTING HOLE.

The great spotted woodpecker fashions a nest in the wood of decaying or decrepit trees, the nesting chamber having a comparatively small entrance merely sufficient to allow the entrance of the bird itself. The nest is usually situated well above eye-level. The young birds are rarely seen until they are almost ready to leave the nest, and throughout the nesting season the parents and young are readily alarmed and give little opportunity for observation of their behaviour. On this page is discussed an interesting observation which requires confirmation and possibly added details. [Photograph by Eric L. Hosking, F.R.P.S.]

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THE MOST WARY OF BIRDS AS SEEN BY THE CAMERA: NESTING "SHOTS" OF THE GREY LAG-GOOSE.

ALTHOUGH our coasts have a very large population of wild geese in winter, the great majority have their summer homes in the Arctic, and of them all only a small handful remain behind to breed in our islands, and these are all of one species—the grey lag-goose. This bird, generally supposed to be the ancestor of our domestic goose, is now confined to very few localities. Caithness holds a few scattered pairs; there are two lochs in Sutherland which the geese favour, while little groups of islands down the west coast still give sanctuary to a small population. The headquarters of the species, however, remains in the Outer Hebrides, where the tangle of lochs in the two Uists and Harris harbour most of our nesting pairs. There

[Continued below.]



ONE OF THE MOST WARY OF BIRDS AND THE ONLY SPECIES OF WILD GOOSE TO BREED IN OUR ISLANDS: THE GREY LAG-GOOSE.



GENERALLY SUPPOSED TO BE THE ANCESTOR OF OUR DOMESTIC GOOSE: A GREY LAG-GOOSE ON ITS NEST IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES.



SHOWING THE DOWN WITH WHICH THE FEMALE SURROUNDS HER EGGS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF A GOSLING GREY LAG IN THE NEST.



A TYPICAL GREY LAG BREEDING LOCH WITH HEATHER-CLAD ISLETS: A VIEW OF HILL LOCH, SOUTH UIST, WHERE THERE IS A THRIVING COLONY.



SHOWING THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S "HIDE" CAMOUFLAGED WITH HEATHER, FROM WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPHS ON THIS PAGE WERE TAKEN: A VIEW OF THE LOCH.

[Continued.]

is no doubt that the grey lag has decreased during the present century, and while it would be an exaggeration to say that it was in immediate danger of extinction, there is room for concern about its present status and the need for protection is clear. Fortunately there exists one thriving "colony," harbouring nearly half the total nesting population, and it is in this area that the grey lag can best be preserved. The grey lag presents a great challenge to the bird-photographer, for it is the most wary of birds and seems to sense when the "hide" is occupied. Much of the difficulty in approaching the bird by normal methods lies in the species'

intolerance of human intrusion on its remote nesting grounds. Not only is it very slow to recover from disturbance, but once off the nest it is quite content to stay away and feed. Of its own free will and without human disturbance a grey lag is content to cover its eggs with down and to stay away for seven-and-a-half hours. At the end of that time the eggs are still warm and hatch successfully. Such behaviour makes bird-photography difficult, but patience is well rewarded when the huge bird at last stalks on to its nest 12 ft. from the "hide." [Photographs and descriptive material by G. K. Yeates, F.R.P.S.]

"THREE CENTURIES OF BRITISH WATER-COLOURS AND DRAWINGS": A SELECTION FROM A DISTINGUISHED AND WELL-CHOSEN LONDON EXHIBITION.



"ANIMALS IN A LANDSCAPE"; BY FRANCIS BARLOW (c. 1656-1702), THE GIFTED ANIMAL ARTIST. PEN AND WASH. SIGNED *F. BARLOW DEL.* (94 by 13 ins.) (Lent by Sir Edward Marsh.)

"THREE Centuries of British Water-colours and Drawings," is the title of the distinguished exhibition which opened at the New Burlington Galleries on September 11, and will continue until October 10. It is the last of the series specially arranged by the Arts Council within the period of the Festival of Britain and, to many, it will prove one of the most enjoyable. The art of the water-colourist has always made a strong appeal to the British, and this display, which extends from c. 1600 until the present day, has been selected with great discrimination by Mr. Brinsley Ford, whose scholarship is matched by his taste. He has contributed an important introduction to the catalogue, which also contains his careful notes. In the introduction he points out that his selection not only presents works of important masters, but also includes drawings by minor artists which have been accorded a place on account of



"THE BLASTED OAK"; BY JOHN CROME (1768-1821), KNOWN AS "OLD CROME," FOUNDER OF THE NORWICH SCHOOL. WATER-COLOUR. (23 by 17½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Edmund Bacon.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH WOODED CRAG"; BY ALEXANDER COZENS (c. 1717-1786), FATHER OF JOHN ROBERT COZENS. SIGNED ON MOUNT. *ALEX. COZENS.* GREY AND BLACK WASHES ON TONED PAPER. (84 by 11½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Edward Marsh.)



"PAYS DE VALAIS NEAR THE LAKE OF GENEVA"; BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS (c. 1752-1797), AN IMPORTANT INFLUENCE IN THE HISTORY OF BRITISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTING. WATER-COLOUR. (151 by 20½ ins.) (Lent by Mr. Alan G. Auer.)



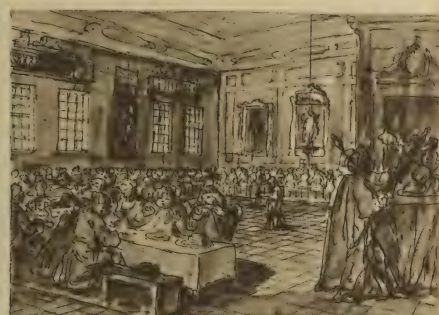
"VIEW ON THE WHARFE"; BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802), AN ARTIST WHO, BOTH FOR HIS WORK AND FOR HIS INFLUENCE, MUST BE REGARDED AS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FIGURES IN ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTING. (124 by 20½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Edward Marsh.)

their outstanding merit. He also explains further his choice, as follows: "By no preconceived plan has been followed, other than to represent each artist in his most inspired and imaginative vein. Aesthetic rather than historic considerations have prevailed throughout, and the only guiding principle has been to try to decide whether the artistic merit of a drawing justified its inclusion." J. M. W. Turner is not shown "in his early work as a topographical draughtsman nor in the period of the Rhine drawings, but only in his later phase from 1830 onwards, when he was already fifty-five and painting, to use Constable's metaphor, 'with tinted steam.'"

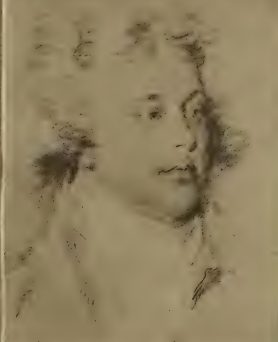
Reference is made to the fact that in this review of British water-colours over three centuries there are inevitably many omissions. Some are deliberate, others unavoidable. The absence of Blake falls into the first category, for an important show of his tempera drawings was held earlier in the summer at the Arts Council's Gallery. In addition, the major part of his important drawings are now in museums and were not available. The selection of drawings presented on these pages gives some idea of the range of the 215 exhibits. The earliest drawing we reproduce is an example of the work of Francis Barlow (c. 1626-1702), a Lincolnshire artist with a remarkable talent for animal painting, some of whose drawings with landscape



"THE VINEY"; BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1822), A MOST PROLIFIC BRITISH DRAUGHTSMAN, CAPABLE OF EXPRESSING HIMSELF IN MANY DIFFERENT VEINS. PEN AND WATER-COLOUR. (74 by 11 ins.) (Lent by Mrs. Thomas Lowinsky.)



"THE INDUSTRIOUS 'PEASANTRY' GROWN RICH AND SHERIFF OF LONDON"; BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). PEN, BROWN AND GREY WASHES OVER SLIGHT RED CHALK AND PENCIL. (84 by 11½ ins.) (Lent by The British Museum.)



"GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, LATER GEORGE IV."; BY JOHN RUSSELL, R.A. (1745-1806). INSCRIBED *DRAWN FROM THE LIFE BY JOHN RUSSELL, R.A. 1794.* BLACK AND RED CHALK. (112 by 12½ ins.) (Lent by Sir Robert Wain.)



"ELIZABETH SIDDALL"; BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882), ONE OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD. HE MARRIED MISS SIDDALL IN 1860. SIGNED *D.G.R.* DATED FEB. 6, 1855. (Lent by Mr. Francis Madam.)



"STUDY OF A WOMAN IN STUART HEAD-DRESS"; BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A. (1785-1841). SIGNED *D. WILKIE F.* AND DATED 1836. BLACK CHALK AND WASH, TOUCHED WITH COLOUR ON BUFF PAPER. (101 by 81 ins.) (Lent by Sir Bruce Ingram.)



"HEIDELBERG: SUNSET"; BY JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A., WHO, TO QUOTE CONSTABLE, PAINTED AT THIS PERIOD "WITH TINTED STEAM" (1775-1851). DATED BY FINBERG c. 1842. WATER-COLOUR. (144 by 21½ ins.) (Lent by the City Art Gallery, Manchester.)



"WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE STABLES"; BY JOHN PIPER (b. 1903). ONE OF THE SERIES COMMISSIONED IN 1941-2 BY H.M. THE QUEEN (WHO HAS GRACIOUSLY LENT IT TO THE EXHIBITION). PEN AND WATER-COLOUR. (144 by 19½ ins.)

backgrounds were engraved by Hollar, Place and Gaywood; and the latest we illustrate is one of the series of drawings of Windsor Castle which the Queen commissioned John Piper to make. Visitors may be interested to compare this drawing of Windsor by a living artist with the two views of the Castle by Paul Sandby, R.A. (1725-1809), one graciously lent by the King, which are also on view. The exhibition affords the opportunity of comparing the works of Alexander Cozens (c. 1717-1786), with those of his infinitely more famous son, John Robert Cozens (c. 1752-1797). The elder Cozens was for long merely remembered as a teacher of drawing, and the master of the young Princes, children of George III.; and it was

not until 1946 that the first comprehensive exhibition of his work was held and his great gifts as a landscape painter more correctly appraised. A notable group of Rowlandson includes not only a very savage caricature of the Italian singer Mme. Catalani, inscribed *Mme. Catalani*, but a beautiful portrait of George IV. when Prince of Wales. Augustus John is represented by three drawings, including a self-portrait dated 1941, and other living artists whose work is on view include Graham Sutherland, Henry Moore and John Piper. Among the Victorians whose work will arouse admiration are Sir David Wilkie, R.A., and John Frederick Lewis, R.A., who was greatly appreciated by Ruskin.

THE FILM INDUSTRY'S FESTIVAL TRIBUTE TO THE ENGLISH INVENTOR OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH: "THE MAGIC BOX," A FILM LIFE OF FRIESE-GREENE.



FRIESE-GREEN'S FIRST CAMERA USING PAPER FILM STRIP: REPLICAS, OF THE EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR, USED IN THE FILM OF THE INVENTOR'S LIFE, "THE MAGIC BOX."



FRIESE-GREEN'S FIRST MOVIE CAMERA USING CELLULOID STRIP: A REPLICA USED IN THE FILM. IT HAD TWO LENSES IN AN ATTEMPT TO PRODUCE A STEREOSCOPIC EFFECT.



A MOVIE SEQUENCE TAKEN BY FRIESE-GREEN IN 1888 ON SENSITISED PAPER, WITH THE CAMERA SHOWN IMMEDIATELY ABOVE.



TAKING THE FIRST MOVING PICTURE IN HYDE PARK: FRIESE-GREEN (ROBERT DONAT; LEFT) FILMS HIS COUSIN ALFRED (BERNARD MILES) AND THE LATTER'S SON (PAUL ANTHONY).



THE FIRST CELLULOID MOVIE: THE NEGATIVE OF THE ORIGINAL INCIDENT IN HYDE PARK IN 1850, RE-CREATED IN THE FILM "THE MAGIC BOX"—SEE THE PHOTOGRAPH TO THE LEFT. TAKEN WITH A DIOPTRIC CAMERA.



INVENTING TO THE LAST: ON THE LAST MORNING OF HIS LIFE, FRIESE-GREEN SHOWS TO HIS SECOND WIFE, EDITH (MARGARET JOHNSTON), STRIPS OF THE COLOUR FILM WITH WHICH HE IS EXPERIMENTING.

In the spring of 1889, William Fries-Green tried out near Hyde Park Corner his newly-invented dioptric camera with a moving celluloid film, and "shot" for the first time in history, the approach of his cousin Alfred with his son. There has been some dispute as to who invented cinematography, but a U.S. legal



PIONEERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY AND MOTION PHOTOGRAPHY: J. A. R. RUDGE (CECIL TRUAMAN; LEFT) DISCUSSES WITH FOX TALBOT (BASIL SYDNEY) THE FUTURE OF THE YOUNG FRIESE-GREEN (ROBERT DONAT; CENTRE).

judgment of 1910 established Fries-Green's patent as the master cinematographic patent of the world. When Fries-Green died suddenly in the Connaught Rooms on May 5, 1921, after addressing an angry meeting of the film industry and appealing for unity and co-operation, he was penniless. The story of his life



THE VERY FIRST MOVING-PICTURE FILM: WILLIAM FRIESE-GREEN (ROBERT DONAT) DEVELOPING HIS FIRST SUCCESSFUL MOVING PICTURE, TAKEN IN HYDE PARK.



THE YOUNG INVENTOR DISCUSSES HIS ATTEMPT TOWARDS A MOVIE-CAMERA WITH HIS SWISS FIRST WIFE (MARIA SCHELL); AN INCIDENT IN "THE MAGIC BOX."



FRIESE-GREEN, TALKING INCOHERENTLY, INVITES THE FIRST AUDIENCE TO HIS FIRST SUCCESSFUL FILM—A CITY POLICEMAN (SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER), WHO IS VERY SUSPICIOUS.



THE POLICEMAN SEES FRIESE-GREEN'S FIRST MOVING PICTURE; AND IS RELIEVED TO FIND THAT HE HAS ONLY A SUCCESSFUL INVENTOR, AND NOT A HOMICIDAL MANIAC, ON HIS HANDS.



ON THE LAST AFTERNOON OF HIS LIFE, FRIESE-GREEN (STANDING, RIGHT) IS INVITED BY LORD BEATERSBROOK (ROBERT BEATTY) FROM THE PLATFORM TO ADDRESS AN ANGRY MEETING OF THE FILM INDUSTRY.

has now been told in a film, "The Magic Box," which, poignantly enough, has been made as a co-operative effort by the British film industry. It has been produced by Ronald Neame and directed by John Boulting. The inventor himself is played by Robert Donat, with Maria Schell as his first wife and



AFTER HIS LAST APPEAL TO THE FILM INDUSTRY FOR CO-OPERATION, HIS LAST INVENTION FALLS FROM HIS KNEE AND FRIESE-GREEN HIMSELF (ROBERT DONAT) FALLS FORWARD INTO THE GANGWAY, DEAD AND PENNILESS.

Margaret Johnston as his second. But the whole cast is studded with British film and stage stars, over sixty of them in all, mostly in tiny "bit" parts and giving their services gratis or for cut-of-pocket expenses to do homage to the English father of cinematography, in the film industry's contribution to the Festival.

The World of the Cinema.

DAYDREAMS IN PARIS.

By ALAN DENT

THE danger—in dealing with such a phenomenon as Gene Kelly's dancing in "An American in Paris"—is that one's pen may run away with one. It is so mercurial a thing, so fleet and swift and pleasantly self-assured a thing. He may not be what Fred Astaire once was, but he is certainly more than Fred Astaire now is.

Comparison of this sort is usually as avoidable as

least wants to become a good actress. But in this film, so faint is her screen-impact, she does not appear even to want! Admittedly, the part she plays is wretchedly written, and consists chiefly of monosyllables such as "Yes!" and "Yes?" and "No!" and "No?" and "You don't!" and "You do?"

Anyone who has seen "Wedding Bells" must agree that I do not exaggerate here. Seldom can a worse written part have been handed to an actress. This one at least suggests that she might possibly have done more with better lines—or, at least, *lines*—to utter.

And now, the rain having forced comparison upon me, let me make the comparison and get it over. The six-months-old film is laboured where the new film is witty. The old film's London background is peculiarly unconvincing in that authentic news-reels have obviously been inserted. The new

almost moving. His fingers match his toes in being lambent, exclamatory, rhapsodical.

The music is Gershwin all the way, and the liveliest and least-hackneyed Gershwin—the Piano Concerto, for example, and the "symphonic poem" which gives the film its title. There is, too, a good deal of incidental wit both in the dialogue (Ira Gershwin) and the direction (Vincenzo Minelli). But nothing is wittier than the total omission of the overdone "Rhapsody in Blue." At the very end I was just remarking to my companion what a triumph of self-denial this was on the part of the film's makers when up rose the cinema's resident organist out of his murky lair and proceeded to repair the omission in full blast as we were coming away. So like a Mighty Wurlitzer!

We come at last to the story. But this, as in all first-rate "musicals," is so airy and light as almost to escape mention. All that happens is that Jerry (Gene Kelly) suddenly finds a customer for his paintings in a rich lady (Nina Foch) who is not only lavish in hospitality but goes so far as to furnish him with an up-to-date studio, all his very own. "Say, what do you take me for?" says Jerry. But the lady protests that she only wants to make an honest painter of him. And then Jerry beholds a younger and less lavish young lady called Lise (Leslie Caron) who sells perfume all day and goes out most evenings with a stage-singer called Henri (Georges Guétary). In the background is another American (Oscar Levant), an older and more sardonic one, who dreams of being a great musician. Dream sequences take up most of the film, in fact. There is a long and strepitous reverie in which this latter American sees himself in a performance of the Gershwin Piano Concerto as not only both soloist and conductor, but as every individual member of the orchestra as well. This has the right fantasticality which makes such things tolerable.

Even more elaborate is a final highly involved balletic reverie which is supposed to be happening in Jerry's mind's-eye—a dancing daydream—while he is wondering whether his Lise is going to leave her Henri and come to him at last. This is inspired by a famous Toulouse-Lautrec picture, and it is to be judged on a quite high plane as ballet pure and simple. It is, indeed, so sustained and so prolonged that I have serious doubts whether it will be wholly approved of by my Buckinghamshire maid and her wight, and the millions of other such couples up and down the land whose combined one-and-ninepences keep the film world turning round. But doubtless my doubts are needless. The Kelly charm and address—supplemented as it is here by the grace of that bewitching newcomer, Miss Caron—will probably surmount all possible objection. Miss Caron is a subject upon which my pen really would find it difficult to stay in control of my right thumb and forefinger. So it is just as well, perhaps, that my space is at an end.



"A FINAL HIGHLY INVOLVED BALLETIC REVERIE . . . INSPIRED BY A FAMOUS TOULOUSE-LAUTREC PICTURE . . . IT IS TO BE JUDGED ON A QUITE HIGH PLANE AS BALLET PURE AND SIMPLE": A SCENE FROM "AN AMERICAN IN PARIS," SHOWING LISE (LESLIE CARON) AND JERRY (GENE KELLY).

it is unnecessary. But circumstances in this case really have forced me to it. For just after seeing "An American in Paris," I was week-ending in Buckinghamshire and, being forced to take shelter under a cinema awning by one of those heavy showers which have been a not infrequent feature of this chequered summer, I found Fred Astaire grinning wistfully at me from posters without number, inducing me to go inside and see him in something called "Wedding Bells."

In this film, as the reader may easily remember, Mr. Astaire defies not only time, but gravitation. He dances all over a room and then, having exhausted the floor and the furniture, dances on the walls and on the ceiling, upside down. While this was going on, a Bucks lad in the seat in front explained to his Bucks lass beside him that Mr. Astaire was wearing a special sort of shoes which made this feat possible. But the Bucks lass, who appeared to have a shrewd veneer of intellectual superiority on top of her dewy charm, was neither convinced nor impressed by her swain's theory. "No, he ain't," she said with a firmness that was almost a snap. "They just turns their camera sideways or upside down, as the case may be!" And that settled that. But what is young romance coming to, these days?

This film I had stumbled upon had a certain resemblance to the new one with Gene Kelly which makes comparison between the dancers harder than ever to resist. For whereas Mr. Kelly plays an American painter in Paris, Mr. Astaire plays an American show-dancer in London. The wedding bells of the title ring chiefly for an English Royal Wedding. But Mr. Astaire and the two young ladies who love him in the film—Miss Jane Powell and Miss Sarah Churchill—are so excited by the pageantry that they both rush off to marry him on the same day, though it is not clear until the very last moment which of his dear charmers Captain Macheath-Astaire is going to choose finally. Will he yield for ever to the delicious sulks of Miss Powell, or will he throw in his lot with the staid allurements of Miss Churchill? On the few occasions I have seen the latter actress before, she has impressed me as being a young lady who at



"THE FILM'S BACKGROUND OF PARIS IS SO AUTHENTIC THAT I FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THAT MOST OF IT WAS NOT 'SHOT' THERE": "AN AMERICAN IN PARIS" (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH HENRI (GEORGES GUÉTARY) AND JERRY (GENE KELLY) ARE SINGING AND DANCING OUTSIDE A CAFÉ.

film's background of Paris is so authentic that I find it impossible to believe that most of it was not "shot" there. It probably was. Mr. Astaire's dancing is that of a weary gnome, though it still has a kind of russet Septemberish charm. But Mr. Kelly's feet have the spirit of April in them. There is an early sequence in "An American in Paris" in which he dances in the street, to the delight of a huddle of French children. This communicates the exhilaration of Paris on a spring morning two hours before one is even beginning to think about lunch. It is sheer enchantment, and here there is in Mr. Kelly's seeming-artless posturing a *joie de vivre* so delicate that it is



A DANCER WHO "MAY NOT BE WHAT FRED ASTAIRE ONCE WAS, BUT HE IS CERTAINLY MORE THAN FRED ASTAIRE NOW IS": GENE KELLY AS JERRY IN "AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING HIM WITH LISE (LESLIE CARON).

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



MR. RONALD FRANKAU.

The stage, cabaret and radio entertainer, Mr. Ronald Frankau, died suddenly at Eastbourne on September 11, aged fifty-seven. Educated at Eton, he served in the Army in the 1914-18 War. He was successful in concert party entertaining, and made his initial broadcast in 1927.



M. MAURICE PETSCHÉ.

French Minister of State, M. Petsche, died on Sept. 16, aged fifty-five. Elected Deputy for the Basses-Alpes in 1925 and at every subsequent poll, he was Secretary of State for Finance in the Marie Government of 1948, and subsequently Minister of Finance in all succeeding Ministries until the present.



MR. COLIN HARGREAVES PEARSON.

To be a High Court Judge from Oct. 1 in succession to Mr. Justice Humphreys, who will then have retired. Mr. Pearson, who is fifty-two, was appointed a K.C. in 1949, and has been Recorder of Hythe since 1937. He was Junior Common Law Counsel to the Ministry of Works from 1930-49. He was made a C.B.E. in 1946.



DR. FRITZ BUSCH.

The chief conductor of the Glyndebourne Opera and musical director of the State Radio, Copenhagen, Dr. Fritz Busch died suddenly on Sept. 15, aged sixty-one. Born in Westphalia, he had a distinguished musical career in Germany before the Nazi régime caused him to emigrate. He spent the war in U.S.A.



MISS JANE REDGATE.

The 17-year-old Nottingham player who won the Girls' Golf Championship at Gullane on Sept. 7. She met the champion of 1950, Miss J. Robertson (Lenzie), in the final, and defeated her at the 19th hole after a hard-fought match. The opponents were all square at the turn, and the winner was 3 down at the 15th.



SIR ERIC MACLAGAN.

Died on September 14 while in Spain, aged seventy-one. He was Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum from 1924 to 1945; President of the Museums Association, 1935-36; Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee, British Council. He was also a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, acting as vice-president from 1932 to 1936.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO SWIM THE CHANNEL IN BOTH DIRECTIONS: MISS FLORENCE CHADWICK, OF CALIFORNIA, LANDING ON THE FRENCH COAST.

On September 11 Miss Florence Chadwick, aged thirty-two, of California, completed her swim from St. Margaret's Bay to Sangatte, about 12 miles east of Griz Nez, in 16 hrs. 22 mins, only 51 minutes behind the record time for an England-to-France crossing, and in so doing became the first woman to succeed from the English side. Last year Miss Chadwick swam the Channel from France to England in 13 hrs. 23 mins.



GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL.

Has resigned "with deep regret" as U.S. Secretary of Defence. General Marshall, who will be seventy-one in December, was called out of retirement to become Secretary of Defence a little over a year ago, when his predecessor, Mr. Louis Johnson, had been asked to resign. General Marshall said he was resigning "for very personal reasons."



MR. GEOFFREY WHITWORTH.

Founder, and for many years director, of the British Drama League. Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth died at Oxford on September 9, aged sixty-eight. An ardent advocate of the National Theatre, he lived to see the Queen lay its foundation-stone last July. The organiser of the theatre section, Wembley Exhibition; and the author of a number of books.



MR. ROBERT A. LOVETT.

Appointed as United States Secretary of Defence in succession to General Marshall. Mr. Lovett has been deputy Secretary during the General's term of office. He was one of the Republicans brought into the Government by President Roosevelt in 1940, and was Assistant Secretary of State for War from April, 1941 to December, 1945.



THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON AT HONOLULU: SIR DENYS AND LADY LOWSON (SECOND AND THIRD FROM LEFT), WHO ARE DUE BACK ON SEPT. 20. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress are due to return to England on September 20, after their successful round-the-world flight. Our group, taken at Honolulu, shows (l. to r.) Lieut.-Colonel George J. Cullum Welch, Alderman and Sheriff, Sir Denys Lowson, Lady Lowson, Lieut. R. H. Mereness, Mr. Sheriff P. Lovely, and Mr. W. T. Boston, Sword Bearer. They were guests of Admiral Arthur W. Radford, U.S.N., C-in-C., Pacific and U.S. Pacific Fleet, for a boat trip through Pearl Harbour.



THE SIGNING OF THE SECURITY PACT BETWEEN JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES: MR. YOSHIDA APPENDING HIS SIGNATURE AT THE CEREMONY ON SEPTEMBER 9 IN THE PRESIDIO. After the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty on September 9 at San Francisco, a further ceremony took place when, in the military setting of the Presidio, or garrison headquarters, Mr. Yoshida, the Japanese Premier, signed a security pact with the United States. The security provisions of this are, of course, withheld, but under the short published text, Japan grants the U.S. the right, upon the coming into force of the Peace Treaty, to dispose land, sea and air forces in and about her territory.

OLD ENGLAND AND THE MODERN WORLD: MEMORY, A PRIZE, HOPE AND DISASTER.



A LONDON BUS OVERTURNED AFTER COLLIDING WITH A TRAM ON THE EMBANKMENT: THE SCENE AFTER THE ACCIDENT. A double-decker London bus, a No. 170, collided with a tram on September 11 near Temple Underground station when on its way to Westminster and Wandsworth, and overturned. Police, ambulances and fire-engines arrived without delay and passengers were helped out. Thirteen were injured, including two children, and two of these were seriously hurt.



THE R.A.F. *METEOR* DISASTER AT WESTCLIFF ON SEPTEMBER 10, IN WHICH THREE WERE KILLED: ONE OF THE DAMAGED HOUSES. The pilot and two civilians were killed on September 10 when an R.A.F. *Meteor* aircraft crashed after exploding in the air over Westcliff. One engine fell on a house in Ramuz Drive, killing a decorator at work, and [one occupant]. The damage was widespread, and houses in several adjoining streets were wrecked. There were a number of remarkable escapes in shattered buildings.



PRESENTED BY THE TATLER FOR A NEW FOOTBALL COMPETITION: THE ARGONAUT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TROPHY. The silver Argonaut Association Football Trophy has been presented by *The Tatler* for competition among Cadet Colleges, officer-producing units, University "A" teams and Army Crusaders. The first knock-out contest for the trophy will be held this season between teams not normally able to take part in competitive football.



TAKING PART IN A COMPETITION FOR THE MOST ROAD-CONSCIOUS CHILD AS PART OF THE TOTTENHAM ROAD SAFETY CAMPAIGN: CHILDREN IN A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED "ROAD" IN TOTTENHAM RECREATION GROUND. Disturbed by the appalling road casualty figures, the London Boroughs have launched a campaign to teach children road sense. Instruction has been cleverly combined with entertainment so as to hold the attention of the young audiences. Our photograph shows children taking part in a competition, part of the Tottenham Road Safety Campaign, at Tottenham Recreation Ground, where miniature traffic lights, and motor-cars were used to demonstrate the hazards of the road.



ONE OF THE LANDMARKS IN "CONSTABLE'S COUNTRY": FLATFORD BRIDGE, RECENTLY RECONSTRUCTED EXACTLY IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ORIGINAL DESIGN. The bridge at Flatford, Suffolk, in "Constable's country," close to Flatford Mill and Willy Lott's cottage, had for some time been unsafe for any form of wheeled traffic. It has now been rebuilt of Burmese timber in accordance with the original design. It was previously rebuilt in 1911, in English oak—also in its old form.



UNVEILED BY MR. MICHAEL REDGRAVE: A TABLET ON THE HOUSE IN BRIGHTON IN WHICH THE INVENTOR OF CINEMATOGRAPHY, WILLIAM FRIESE-GREENE, CARRIED OUT EXPERIMENTS. On September 10 Mr. Michael Redgrave (left) unveiled a tablet to William Friese-Greene, British cinematograph pioneer, on his former house in Middle Street, Brighton. From 1907 to 1910, a shed in the back garden was the first film studio. Scenes from "The Magic Box", a film of William Friese-Greene's life, appear elsewhere in this issue.

COAST-TO-COAST TELEVISION IN THE U.S.A.: THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO-NEW YORK NETWORK.



ONE OF THE 107 STATIONS ON THE LONG LINES TRANS-CONTINENTAL RADIO-RELAY SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES: A 200-FT. STEEL TOWER AT SALT LAKE CITY JUNCTION.



PROVIDING COAST-TO-COAST TELEVISION: A TYPICAL CONCRETE STATION ON THE LONG LINES RADIO-RELAY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND DES MOINES.



SHOWING RECEIVING AND SENDING MICROWAVE ANTENNAE AT TWO DIFFERENT LEVELS: ONE OF THE COAST-TO-COAST RADIO-RELAY STATIONS AT CRESTON, WYOMING.

A NEW system of microwave relay stations to carry radio-telephone conversations and television programmes from New York to San Francisco was opened on August 17 by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and the first coast-to-coast television transmission took place on the occasion of the opening of the San Francisco conference, and proved highly successful. The chain consists of 107 relay towers spaced about thirty miles apart, which took over three years to build and cost 40,000,000 dollars. The towers transmit waves projected as beams from one relay point to another, and it is reported that one watt is sufficient to span the thirty-mile gap between the stations on the microwave network.



A CUT-AWAY VIEW OF A TYPICAL CONCRETE STATION IN THE COAST-TO-COAST CHAIN OF 107 RADIO-RELAY STATIONS SPACED ABOUT THIRTY MILES APART. THE AVERAGE HEIGHT OF THE TOWERS IS 125 FT.



IT occurs to me that in few things do we differ more from our ancestors than in our notion of what a bed should be. Most of us, unless afflicted by surrealist whimsies or conditioned to acquiesce in the fruitier kinds of Hollywood *décor*, prefer beds to be neat and

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. EARLY FURNITURE AT TEMPLE NEWSAM.

By FRANK DAVIS.

which made them muffle themselves up to this degree. That having been said, consider the notable bed of Fig. 1, which has been lent to Temple-Newsam, Leeds, by Lord Mexborough—oak, 99 ins. high, 87 ins. long, 62 ins. wide. Like many other people of my sort, I find it a singularly distasteful object, but that is because I think the Elizabethans were so exuberant that they did not know where to stop; it does not prevent me recognising in it some of the virtues and all the ingenuity of the age, not least a sense of massive dignity. All the favourite devices are here—the heavy,

carved gadrooning round the tester (a Flemish trick, this), the two inlaid arched panels in the head, very like, you will note, the two arched panels in the lower part of the cupboard of Fig. 2, the turned and carved posts at the foot. What is unusual and very interesting is that the three squares just above the pillows, which in the photograph look like inlaid wood, are, in fact, made of embossed Cordoba leather, and so are the two squares at the foot. These, it is thought, may have been added later. The lower part of the posts at the foot, which are not attached to the frame, are cupboards. And that leads me to the next illustration.

Words change their meaning as the centuries slip by. Once upon a time what is to us the homely and indispensable cupboard was in actual fact a cup board—that is, a slab of wood on legs or trestles on which drinking-vessels were placed. Later, by about the beginning of the sixteenth century, the thing developed in two ways—first into what we call now in common parlance a buffet, but which our ancestors called a court cupboard, and secondly, by enclosing the open parts, into the dignified and elaborately carved and inlaid piece of furniture illustrated here in Fig. 2, which we designate—and wrongly—as a court cupboard,

and which was known then as a close cupboard. Proof of this last statement? The inventory of Cardinal Wolsey's furniture of the year 1527. "Of the same cupboards xxi whereof v be

have a splendid specimen, one of two which were once the property of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, and which have been lent by Major Horton Fawkes, of Farnley Hall. Materials: oak with inlay of box and, I think, ebony or bog-oak (it is now some time since I saw it, and I forget the details). Date: very early in the seventeenth century. As can be guessed from the photograph, there is nothing skimpy about it—height, 58 ins.; length, 55½ ins.; width, 23½ ins. I have already drawn attention to the arched panels in the lower portion, and these are inlaid with a formal floral pattern, as also are the panels of the upper part. Take away these cupboards, upper and lower, provide two bulbous supports below in the same style as the two shown here, and you have a cup board as described above, which we call a buffet. Now, think about all the odds and ends of furniture you have seen up and down the country, replace all this carving and inlay with plain panels (with maybe some initials and a date), remove the cupboard beneath the top, remove also the two bulbous supports and replace, either by a pair of slender columns or, more likely, by two small, pointed knobs hanging down from each corner, and you have one of those roughish but satisfying



FIG. 1. LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT TEMPLE NEWSAM, LEEDS, BY LORD MEXBOROUGH: A NOTABLE CARVED ELIZABETHAN BED.

In the article on this page, Frank Davis discusses some important early furniture on exhibition at Temple Newsam, Leeds. "What is unusual and very interesting" about this bed from Methley Hall "is that the three squares just above the pillow, which in the photograph look like inlaid wood, are, in fact, made of embossed Cordoba leather, and so are the two squares at the foot."

not gaudy—no, not even brass-knobbed. Advertisements persuasively point out the virtues of the right sort of mattress, but that—generally speaking—is as far as big business cares to go in this important matter. Important it is, because we all spend a third of our lives in bed.

Wealth and social standing are no longer measured by the size of one's bed, the intricacy of its carving, or the richness of its hangings. Embroidered nightcaps (for men, at least) are out, nor are widows deliberately insulted by husbands leaving them the second-best bed in their wills. How many bitter tears have been shed in the past over that subtlet of insults from beyond the grave! And how few of us have ever slept in a four-poster, or even in that later development, which lasted well into the nineteenth century where, from a degenerate tester covering only the pillow, hung heavy velvet curtains. I slept in such a bed once, in south-west France, a heavy walnut affair which was the latest thing in the 1850's, straight out of a Balzac novel. It was an alarming experience, for I spent the night afraid that the curtains would close of their own accord and stifle me. Our ancestors were of tougher fibre, and actually welcomed the possibility of suffocation. Or do I praise their courage too highly? On second thoughts I think I do. They were so scared of fresh air that they preferred a slow process of extinction: it was fear, and nothing else,



FIG. 2. FROM FARNLEY HALL: A SO-CALLED COURT CUPBOARD, LENT FOR EXHIBITION AT TEMPLE NEWSAM BY MAJOR HORTON FAWKES.

The dignified and elaborately carved and inlaid piece of furniture in this photograph is designated—wrongly—writes Frank Davis, as a court cupboard. He points out that in the sixteenth century such pieces were known as "close cupboards."

pieces of farmhouse furniture which are reasonably described as Welsh dressers but which were by no means invariably the product of the Principality, for though more numerous in Wales itself, they were also made in the neighbouring counties and much farther

afield. The type has been popular down to our day, and this was its massive and distinguished ancestor. As a contrast to all this rather rich but in essence simple inlay and carving, turn to something exceedingly complicated, the carved fruit-wood hall-seat of Fig. 3. We are in a different world, florid, extravagant, but yet bound by the laws of classical ornament—swags of flowers and foliage all flowing in harmonious curves. Date, about 1690, and an extraordinary *tour de force*—comfort, no, but a fine decoration for the entrance hall of a baroque princeling. I don't know what the official theory is as to the authorship of this remarkable piece. Authority in this case is very discreet, merely giving a tentative date and calling it English. I must confess that the longer I looked at it the less English it seemed. I should not be surprised if in a few days' time I received a letter drawing my attention to other examples of similar elaboration by a hand equally gifted in collections in Holland or Belgium.

These illustrations are taken from an excellent book (140 pages, 97 plates)

describing Temple Newsam, its history and contents, recently published privately by the Leeds Corporation at half a guinea. I am asked to add that it is not on sale in the trade, but can be obtained direct either from Temple Newsam or the Leeds City Art Gallery.



FIG. 3. "A FINE DECORATION FOR THE ENTRANCE HALL OF A BAROQUE PRINCELING": A CARVED FRUIT-WOOD HALL-SEAT (c. 1690).

This florid, extravagant and splendid hall-seat on exhibition at Temple Newsam is given the tentative date of c. 1690, and described as English. [Illustrations by courtesy of the Leeds Corporation.]

close cupboards." The point is that whereas the so-called buffet was open, so that the owner's plate could be displayed, the word cupboard had lost its original meaning and denoted, as it does now, something in which things could be shut in. Here you



THE TRAFALGAR SQUARE-LEICESTER SQUARE AREA, AS IT IS TO-DAY, SHOWN IN THE MODEL ON THE RIGHT; WITH, LEFT, ONE OF THE PROPOSED PLANS FOR THE SAME DISTRICT PUT FORWARD, AS AN EXERCISE IN ARCHITECTURE, BY THE POLISH UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

THE models shown on this page are exhibited at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, Dover Street, and are the work of the civic design staff and students of the School of Architecture attached to the Polish University College, London. They are academic exercises representing what the designers would like rather than what is practical or what is desired by the inhabitants. They are undoubtedly stimulating and some of the suggestions are not unattractive—notably the river vista from St. Paul's and the treatment of the north side of Trafalgar Square. But most of the suggestions are, it seems, quite unsympathetic to the soul of London, and seem to substitute melodrama for its quiet, devious and secretive romance. The Royal Opera House may be lost among the cabbages, but it would be even more forlorn among the proposed sky-scrapers, and the neo-Euston would seem to create a single bottle-neck out of three separate ones.

(RIGHT.) ST. PAUL'S AND THE CITY—in the Polish University College's version. STRIKING FEATURES ARE THE RIVER VISTA FROM ST. PAUL'S AND THE DRAMATISATION OF THE MONUMENT (EXTREME RIGHT).



A HUGE TRAIN AND BUS TERMINUS TO REPLACE EUSTON, ST. PANCRAS AND KING'S CROSS, WITH EUSTON ROAD IN THE FOREGROUND, AND A NEW ROAD AT RIGHT-ANGLES.



A POLISH REORGANISATION OF COVENT GARDEN: THE PENCIL POINTS TO THE OPERA HOUSE, NEW OXFORD STREET IS IN THE FOREGROUND, A REVISED KINGSWAY LEFT.

A POLISH VISION OF LONDON: MODELS OF A REPLANNED METROPOLIS, EXHIBITED BY POLISH ARCHITECTS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

SOMETIMES it has to happen that a batch of novels won't cohere or settle down into a group, on any principle whatever. And then, of course, the meddling intellect, or it may be some lowly form of the creative impulse, is distinctly put out; one does like an effect of harmony and real sequence. But since there must be some odd lots, this is a highly suitable occasion. "Porius," by John Cowper Powys (Macdonald; 15s.), would never fit in anywhere; at any time it would appear as a gigantic oddment and disrupt all unity—so it is economic that there should be no unity. Besides, it is in tune with Mr. Powys's peculiar infinite. He much prefers existence as a chaos of unique beings; assimilation and the meddling intellect are not at all in his line.

But how on earth is "Porius" to be described? The author calls it "a romance of the Dark Ages." The scene is a Brythonic principality in North Wales: the time, one autumn week in A.D. 499 (which Mr. Powys takes to be the last year of the fifth century). The isle of Britain is being raided by the Saxons and defended by the Emperor Arthur; and in this crowded week Edeyrnion becomes the heart of change, a meeting-place for all imaginable forces. Even in normal times it is extremely mixed up; Romans and Romanised Brythonic chiefs have moved in on the Picts and Scots, and on the "forest-people" with their ancient matriarchy, represented by the Three Princesses. Ferocious orthodoxy is at grips with a Pelagian heretic, a shrine of Mithras, a Divine River. Snowdon has one or two surviving giants, and a forest-cave conceals the last Druid. Now Arthur, and his Horsemen, and his Counsellor, and the marauding Saxons burst upon the scene, in a confused and cataclysmic series of alarms and struggles. When the dust clears away, those who were doomed to death—the forest Princesses, the Druid and the giants—are all dead. But Merlin, the magician-counsellor, who in his elemental shape is Cronos, the god of Time, has been delivered from his mountain-tomb by Porius, the new reigning Prince, to plan another Golden Age for all the wronged and helpless, all the victims of power.

It would be absurd to treat this cloudy cosmic panorama as historical fiction, or tease oneself about the plot. True, there is a naïve and almost swaggering assumption of coherent narrative. People decide elaborately to go here or there, events are heralded which will "change everything"—but goodness, usually, knows why or how. And anyhow it doesn't matter. For this is really "the imagination telling itself stories" in complete freedom, skipping or dawdling at will; and just because it is so free and uninhibited it has a rare cosiness. And through the ground-mist of the plot, enchanted islands, memorable scenes, tremendous figures rise up at every stage, linked by a wonderful romantic volubility. But the most inward charm, the soul of this romantic cosiness, is the benign feeling. It is a good book, good at every pore, endearing in all its aspects.

It did occur to me that "Madame Serpent," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), which is again historical, might provide a natural transition. But of course it won't. There is no contact or resemblance whatever, and one has to reach it by a long jump.

Strangely enough, the whole impression is of quiet and emptiness; we seem to have alighted on a plain of narrative, extending calm and featureless to the horizon. And yet the setting, France and Italy in the Renaissance, with their Courts and crimes and rivalries and splendours, is as twopence-coloured as can well be. The heroine is Catherine de' Medici, and she is weaving dark designs all through the book—starting in Florence as a child of six, and ending, as the widowed Queen of France, with a design against her own children. One would not think that could be flat or featureless. Yet it is a tame story. And yet, though tame, it is both likeable and easy reading.

Where it went wrong was in the choice of interest. It deals with Catherine in love. She falls in love with Henry, her boy-bridegroom, and remains in love with him, and courts him steadily throughout the years, and never wins a moment of response or even looks like winning it. For Henry was enthralled in boyhood by Diane de Poitiers, wants no one else and never will. And that is certainly a flat plain—at least, when treated in a chronological and plodding way. But still the tone is agreeable, and those who like their history as fiction should be well pleased.

"James and Macarthur," by Jenny Laird (Secker and Warburg; 10s. 6d.), is no less of an oddity than "Porius," though on a tiny scale; it is a cat-novel. And when I tell you that the human beings are "servants" and the dogs "buffoons," and that the end is a Grand Council of the cats of Muslyn Garden City—and I could make a number of disclosures of the same kind—it seems too probable that you will feel embarrassed. Indeed, the story has a few slips in tact. But it is not embarrassing; and it is not a child's story. It is a little comedy-adventure, both amusing and spirited.

James and Macarthur, the devoted brothers, have a snug home; but lately there has been a falling-off in the once admirable service, and they feel obliged to go house-hunting. Life on the road, however, can be very tough, and it exposes poor little Macarthur to the clawings of jealousy. He didn't mind being left at home while James pursued his idiotic females, but it is quite another thing to be abandoned in the wide world. Then comes the terrible adventure of the sack in the primeval forest—but this, like the encounters with the feline cynic and the feline aesthete, has to be enjoyed direct. All through, there is a real creative touch, flavoured with style and wit. One needn't be a cat-lover.

"Murder Comes at Night," by Inez Oelrichs (Hammond; 8s. 6d.), is an American whodunit of the homey kind, featuring Matt Winters, the milkman-sleuth. In the deserted small hours of a black, icy morning he directs a strange girl to Cypress Castle, home of the town philanthropist and skinflint. A little later on his round he sees a car in flames; and later still the charred remains of the philanthropist are dug out of it. What with the condition of the roads and the peculiar trickiness of Suicide Corner, this accident is no surprise.

Then, by a freak of chance, the corpse is shown to have been poisoned; and the chief of police is no good at murder. So he enlists the milkman-sleuth, who solves the problem in a genial and lively narrative.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BRITAIN—BLACK AND WHITE.

IN an earlier article I drew attention to Henry Mayhew's "London's Underworld." It is appropriate that in this year that sees the centenary of the Great Exhibition which marked the dawning pride of Britain's wealth and industrial supremacy, there should be published these books which give the other side of the picture. Henry Mayhew (and I am glad to see that Mr. Ian Harvey, M.P., and others are agitating for a commemorative plaque to be erected in his honour) carried out what must be the most exhaustive study ever attempted by a private individual, and a band of collaborators, into the condition of the people of London. Another companion volume to "London's Underworld" now appears under the title of "Mayhew's Characters" (Kimber; 21s.). As with the earlier volume, it has a foreword (and a delightful one) by Mr. Peter Quennell.

In this book Mayhew allows the vast and variegated submerged tenth of the London of a hundred years ago to tell its own story. The language, while perhaps a little adapted to Victorian taste, is as vigorous and as straightforward and as spiced with wit as the language of Londoners has always been. What emerges is not merely the appalling privations of those who lived "in the streets," but their remarkable philosophy and courage. Mayhew produces for us the little Catholic flower-girl, almost starving, but going to Mass every Sunday; the blind bootlace-seller, the vendor of ballads, a young pickpocket, a watercress girl, the street poet, the beggars, the cesspool-sewermen, the patters, chaunters, the strolling actors, gun-exercise exhibitors and the rest who made up the poverty-stricken, lively basis of Victorian London. Best of all I think I like the patterer who lived by hawking broadsheets of murder trials, executions and other horrific events. This is him talking to Mayhew: "Greenacre didn't sell so well as might have been expected, for such a diabolical out-and-out crime as he committed; but you see he came close after Pegsworth, and that took the beauty off him. Two murders together is never no good to anybody." Among the curious characters he describes (or makes describe themselves) was Jimmy Shaw, the proprietor of one of the largest "sporting" public-houses in London. He was celebrated for his weekly rat matches, bought on an average 500 rats a week at threepence a head, and found that "the best thing for a rat bite was the thick bottoms of porter casks put on as a poultice. The only thing you can do is to poultice, and these porter bottoms is so powerful and draws so, that they actually take thorns out of horses' hooves and feet after steeplechasing." It is curious that in all the misery and squalor of the "padding-kens" or low mass-lodging houses which pullulated near Westminster, the inhabitants were "for the most part 'liberal Tory.' The beggars hate a Whig Ministry and I know that many a tear was shed in the hovels and cellars of London when Sir Robert Peel died. I know a publican, in Westminster, whose daily receipts are enormous, and whose only customers are soldiers, thieves and prostitutes, who closed his house the day of the funeral, and put himself, his family, and even his beer machines and gas pipes into mourning for the departed Statesman."

In his note on the English character, which forms the foreword of this fascinating book, Mr. Peter Quennell speaks of the Elizabethan nobleman. "Harnessed in a suit stiff with several thousand pounds'-worth of orient pearls, heavily musk-scented against the stench of unwashed bodies, moving in an elaborate train from house to house as the dirt accumulated in successive presence-chambers became at length intolerable, self-seeking politician, student of the Latin classics and euphuistic author of English verses, he may sometimes be admired: we cannot claim that we understand him."

I suppose so. The Elizabethans certainly were, as Mr. Ivor Brown suggests in his delightful contribution to "This Britain" (MacDonald; 12s. 6d.), a curious lot. Rightly he points out that the "stockish, stupid figure of John Bull, all chin and no brain, bone from the neck upwards, a masculine oaf both paunchy and pugilistic, has terribly misled the world." The London of Shakespeare was full of noblemen who were the greatest amateurs of all-time. "Now soldiering, now courting, now sailing, now sonneting, now bawling, now singing, men with the lutes of love as well as the steel of contention in their hands." Mr. Ivor Brown's contribution is one of a number of wholly admirable essays in this book, one of the finest I have seen produced in this Festival year. If I had to choose between them (where all have such an appeal) I would particularly commend Mr. Osbert Lancaster's essay on "The English Scene," Mr. Steven Potter on "The Fanatics"—an analysis of British sport, with its delicious account of the rearguard action of the croquet stalwarts in the face of the rise of lawn tennis—and my favourite humorist, Mr. Paul Jennings, on the English sense of humour. As for the illustrations, they have to be seen to be appreciated to the full.

With such a naturally photogenic subject, and one which the authoress has treated with so much interest, I must confess I found the illustrations in "The River Dart," by Ruth Manning-Sanders (Westaway; 15s.), a little inadequate. I do not know why this should be, but they are, in fact, a little disappointing. It is, however, the only valid criticism I have to make about this, the first book which has wholly been devoted to this lovely river. Miss Manning-Sanders has a keen eye for the beautiful, whether natural or historical, and her descriptions of the many legends which abound in the region are as charming as they are multifarious.

Few books, on the other hand, are more profusely illustrated and to better purpose than "Spotting British Birds," by S. Vere Benson (Warne; 17s. 6d.). Miss Vere Benson is already a well-known authority on the subject of British birds, and all bird-lovers will welcome this further book from her pen. In it she deals with the majority of the 500 species which are resident in or visit these islands. Furthermore, she illustrates her text with, in addition to a large number of photographs, over 120 line drawings. These are her own work, and show her to be as skilful and accurate as an artist as she is interesting and carefully observant as a writer.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

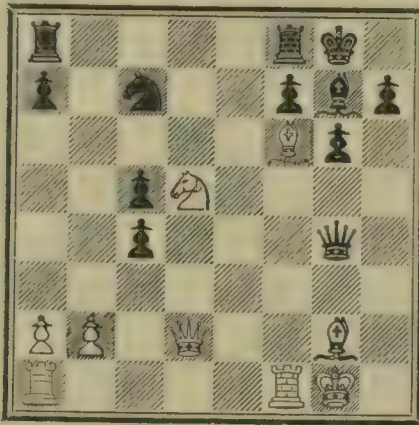
THIS week's diagrams depict two of the most spectacular finishes in chess history. In each, White to play, won at once, forcing mate or ruinous loss within three moves.

I ask you to find the move in each case before consulting the solutions at the foot of this column. If you get both solutions correct and see all the possibilities I list, you are a good player.

Don't be miserly with your material!

A.

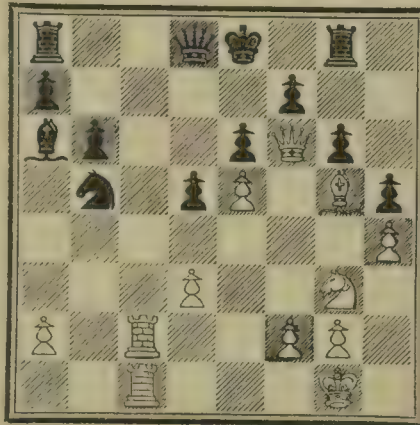
(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

B.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

SOLUTIONS.

A.—1. Q-R6!, threatening 2. Q×B mate. If 1. ... B×Q; 2. Kt-K7 mate. If 1. ... B×B; 2. Kt×Bch, K-R1; 3. Q×RP mate. If Black tries 1. ... Q-Q5ch; 2. B×Q, B×Q; 3. Kt-K7 again applies the closure.

B.—1. R-B8! If 1. ... B×R; 2. Q×Q mate. If 1. ... R×R; 2. R×R and mate next move. If 1. ... Q×R; 2. Q-K7 mate.

Of the first position, I frankly do not know the origin—can anybody enlighten me? The second is from the earlier career of young David Bronstein, who did so well against Botvinnik in their recent match for the World Championship.

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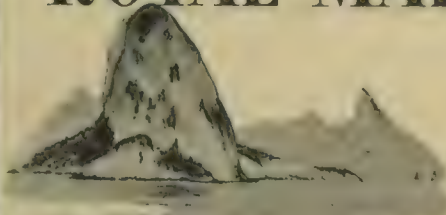
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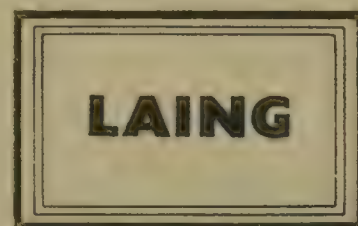
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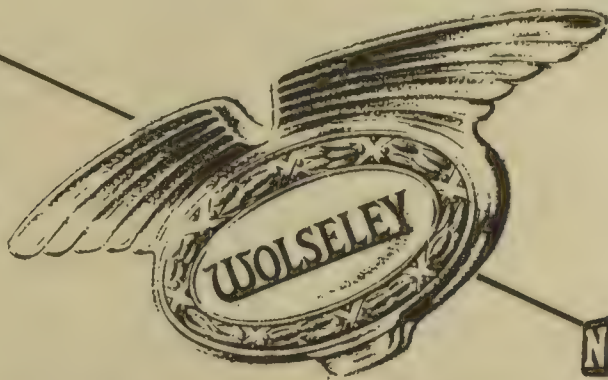
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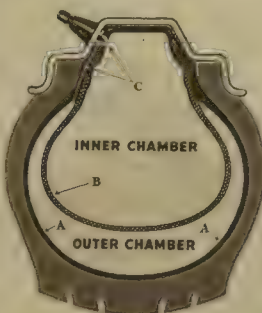
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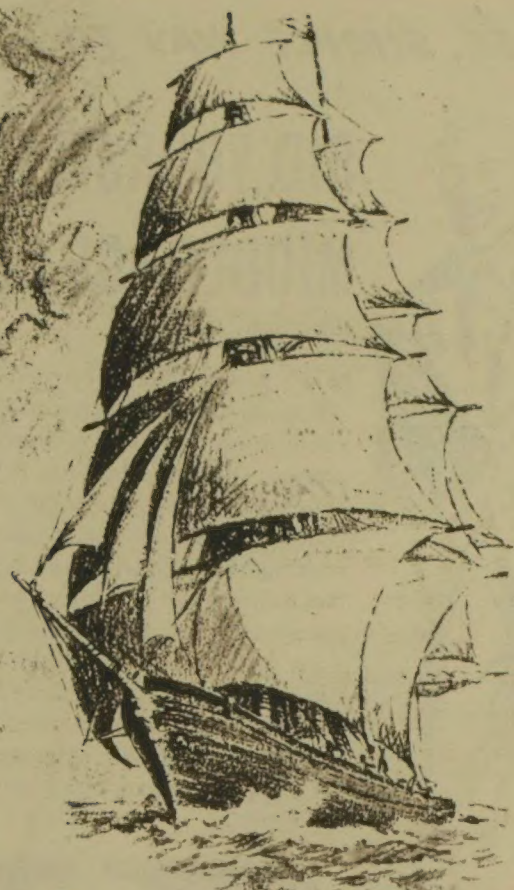
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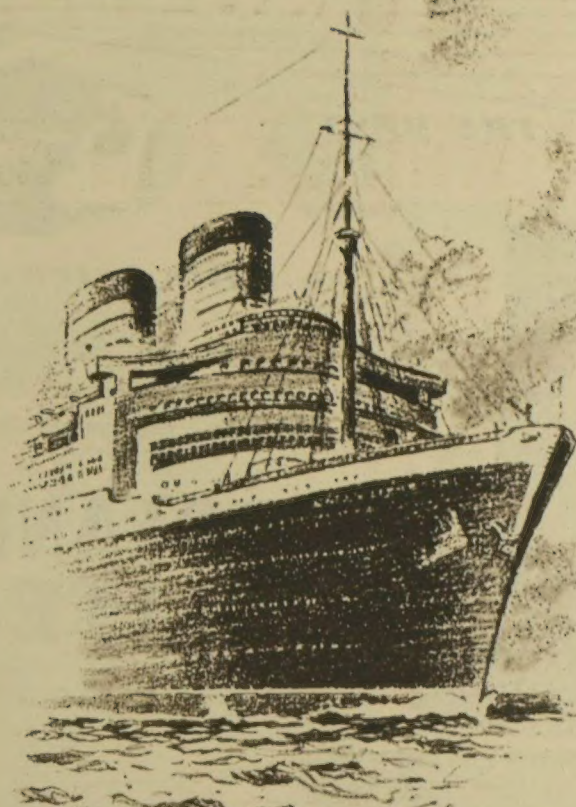
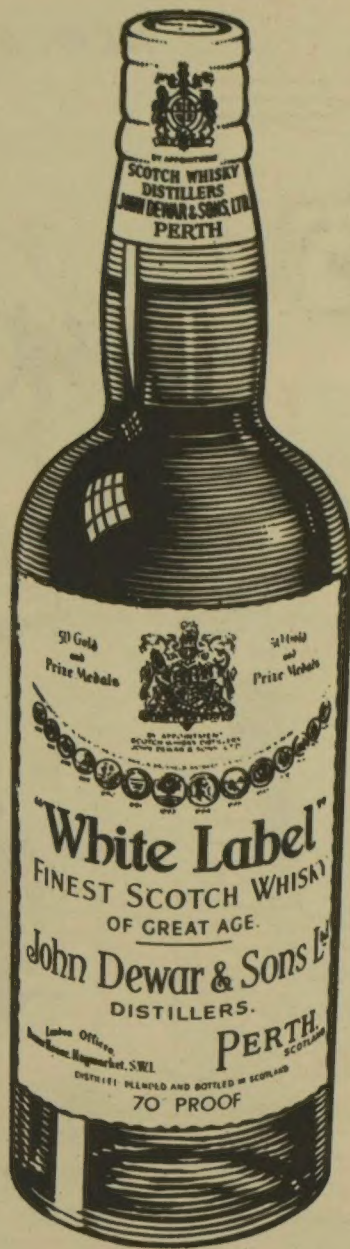
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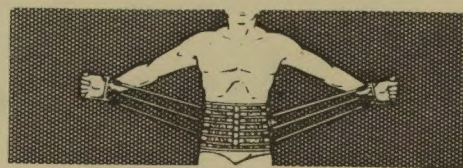
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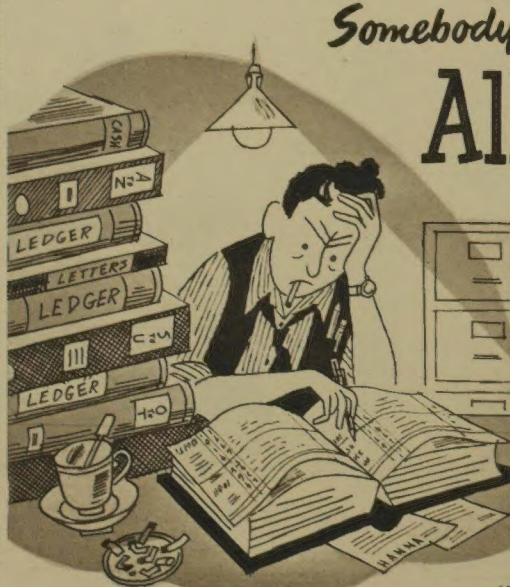
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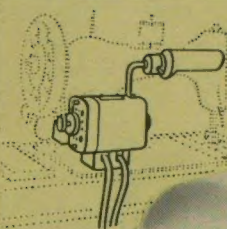
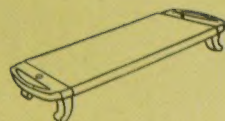
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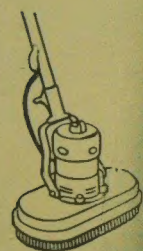
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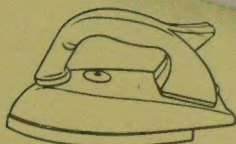
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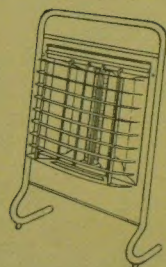
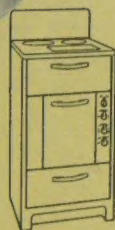


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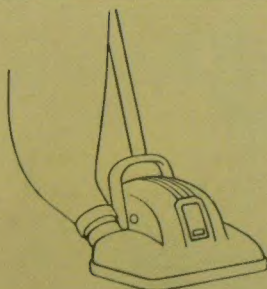


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